

THE DALEK WORLD



BY ARRANGEMENT WITH

BBC tv

DALEK TASK FORCE



A Dalek Invasion Task Force flies into battle—the most super-deadly fighting unit in existence, comprising (top, left to right) the **DALEK CLEVER**, able to hurt itself at any obstacle—even a mountain—and bore its way through without speed loss; (top right) the **DALEK CLEVER**, known to earth space pilots as “the cosmic can opener”;...next comes the **TASK LEADER’S SOLUS COMBAT**—solid Dalek fighting machine with 30 times the fire power of ordinary Dalek weapons... Top right is the **MICALLAW**—solid Dalek fighting machine that explores and surveys cosmic cloud zones in the galaxies as an advance scout for hidden enemies and note the dual ball-shaped **SOLAR POWER STATIONS**, which can be directed towards any sun to collect and conserve power for use by Dalek attack forces... Bottom left, is the **DALEK SAUCER TRANSPORTER**, then their universally feared **TRANSOLAR DISKS**, and, finally the **SKAL SCREAMER**—a screaming jet-powered all-purpose fighter-bomber that transforms atmosphere on any planet into liquid for its own propulsion and fire power, thereby refuelling and rearming itself...

THE DALEK WORLD

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By David Whitaker
and Terry Nation

Based on the Dalek Chronicles discovered
and translated by Terry Nation

Illustrated by R. Jennings,
J. Woods, A. B. Cornwell
and W. Wiggins

by arrangement with
the

BBC

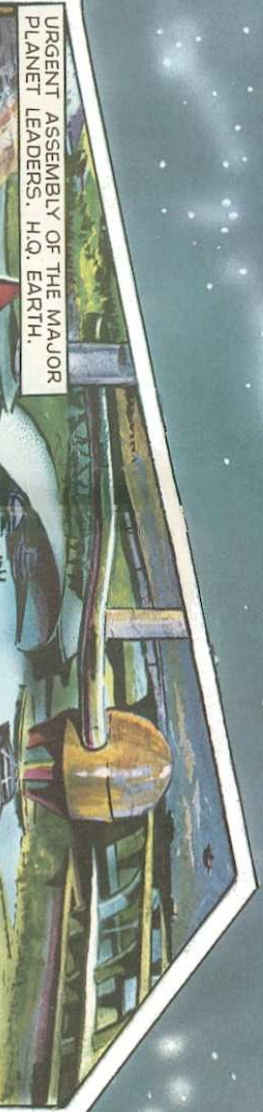
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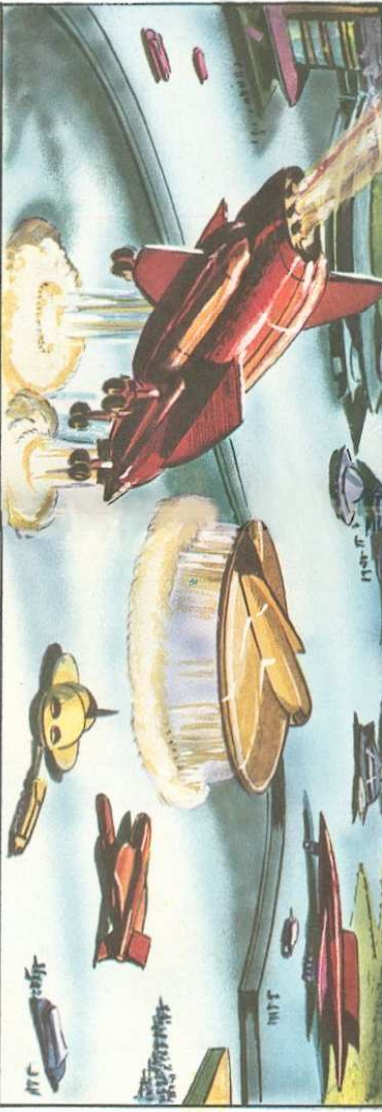
THE MECHANICAL PLANET

FROM OTHER MINDS, ON OTHER STARS, IN UNHEARD OF GALAXIES; MINDS JEALOUS OF THE UNIVERSE CONTAINING EARTH, A NEW AND FRIGHTFUL FORCE OF DESTRUCTION SPEEDS THROUGH THE COSMOS. A MIRACLE OF EVIL GENIUS, A PLANET WITHOUT MERCY - BUILT ONLY TO DESTROY...

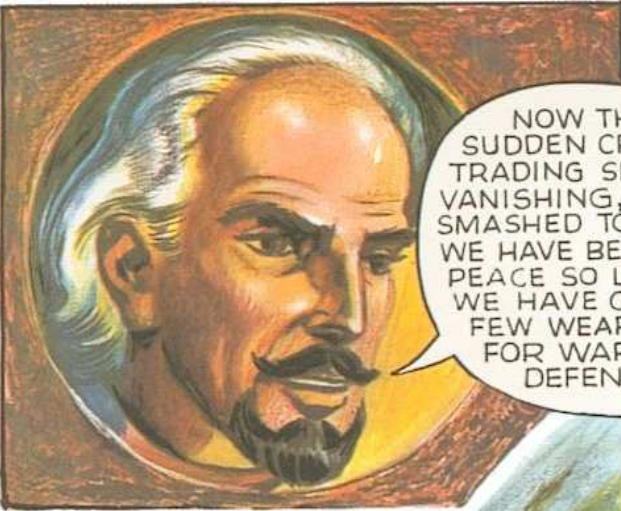
EARTH UNPREPARED!



URGENT ASSEMBLY OF THE MAJOR PLANET LEADERS. H.Q. EARTH.



FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS WE'VE HAD TOTAL PEACE. OUR SOLAR SYSTEM WITH ITS NINE PLANETS AND THE OTHER SYSTEMS AROUND US...



NOW THIS
SUDDEN CRISIS.
TRADING SHIPS
VANISHING, PATROLS
SMASHED TO PIECES.
WE HAVE BEEN AT
PEACE SO LONG,
WE HAVE ONLY A
FEW WEAPONS
FOR WAR AND
DEFENCE.

BUT STRANGE HELP IS AT HAND...



PATROL SHIP
APPROACHING
EARTH, SIR. WE'VE
TRACKED IT ON
SPACE-SCANNERS!



SPACE
OVERDRIVE
50 UNITS.
LANDING
IMMINENT!

THE NEW ARRIVAL LANDED...



AND ITS PASSENGERS DISEMBARK...



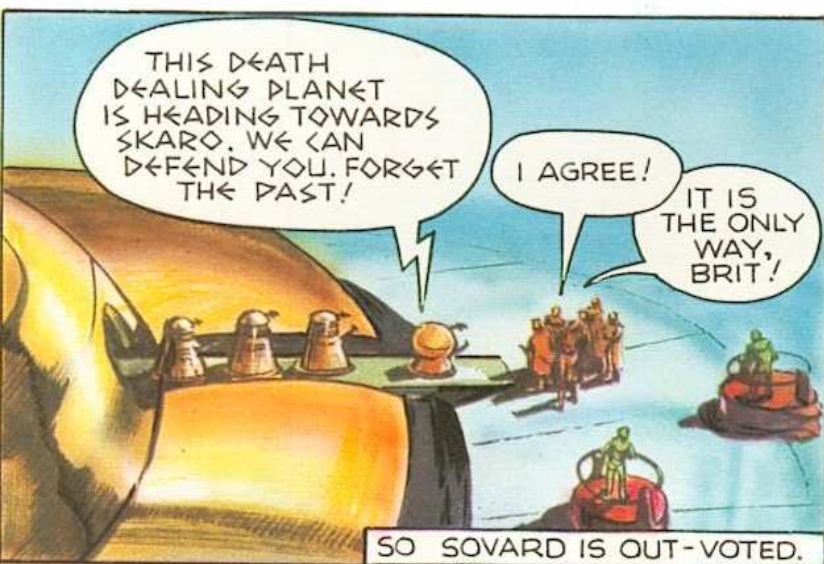
DALEKS!



A NEW DANGER THREATENS US ALL. THE DALEKS OFFER THEIR HELP TO DESTROY THIS NEW MENACE. GIVE US BACK OUR WEAPONS AND WE WILL DESTROY!



NO! TWO CENTURIES OF PEACE, DALEK. WE DEFEATED AND DISARMED YOU, OUR PATROLS WATCH OVER YOUR PLANET. WE MUST NOT MAKE A NEW DANGER TO STOP ANOTHER!



THIS DEATH DEALING PLANET IS HEADING TOWARDS SKARO. WE CAN DEFEND YOU. FORGET THE PAST!

I AGREE!

IT IS THE ONLY WAY, BRIT!

SO SOVARD IS OUT-VOTED.

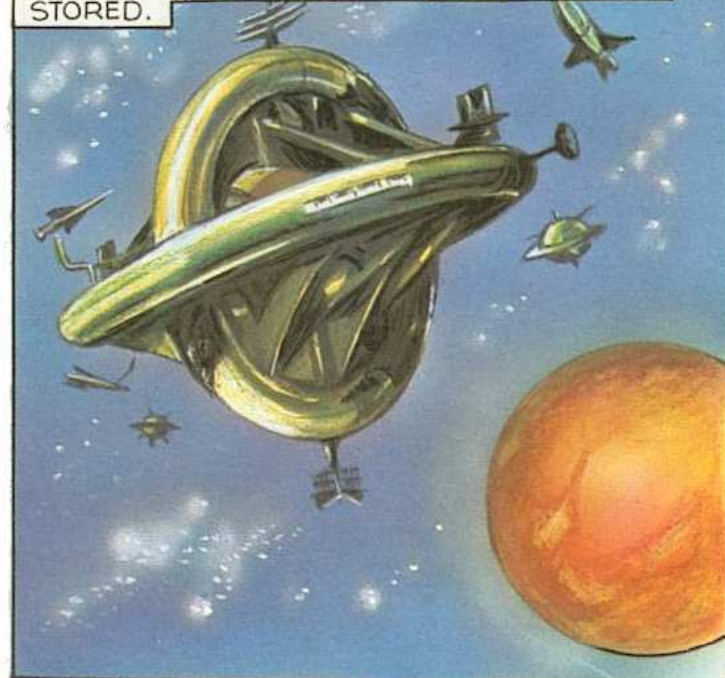
THE DALEKS ARE GIVEN BACK THEIR POWER...

I HATE DOING THIS, JAY!

ORDERS ARE ORDERS!

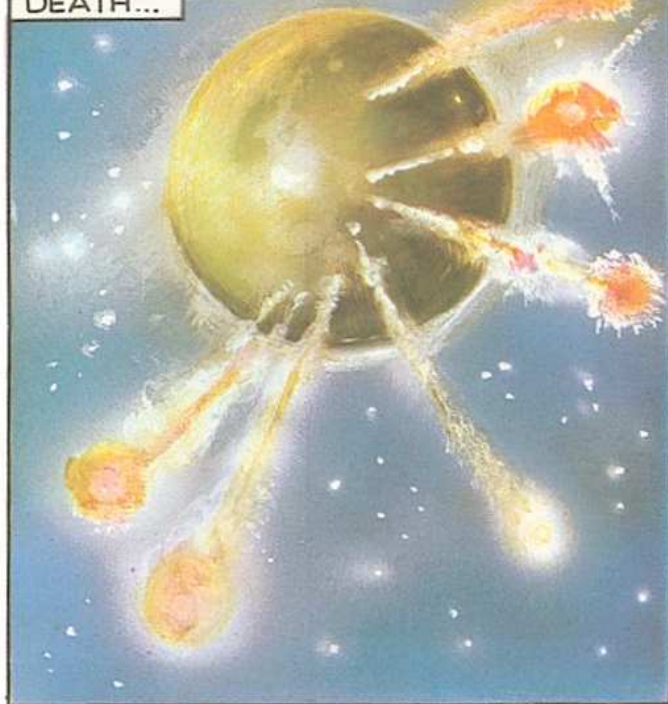


AND ON A BIG SPACE VAULT ABOVE SKARO, WHERE DALEK WEAPONS HAVE BEEN STORED.





MEANWHILE, THE MECHANICAL PLANET SPEEDS TOWARDS SKARO... SPOUTING DEATH...



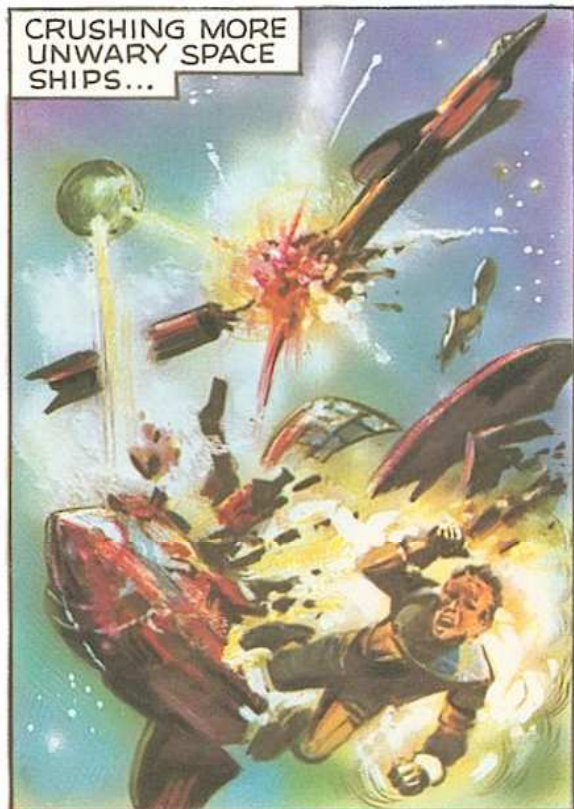
... IN THE SHAPE OF METEORS, MADE IN ITS AB-HUMAN INTERIOR.

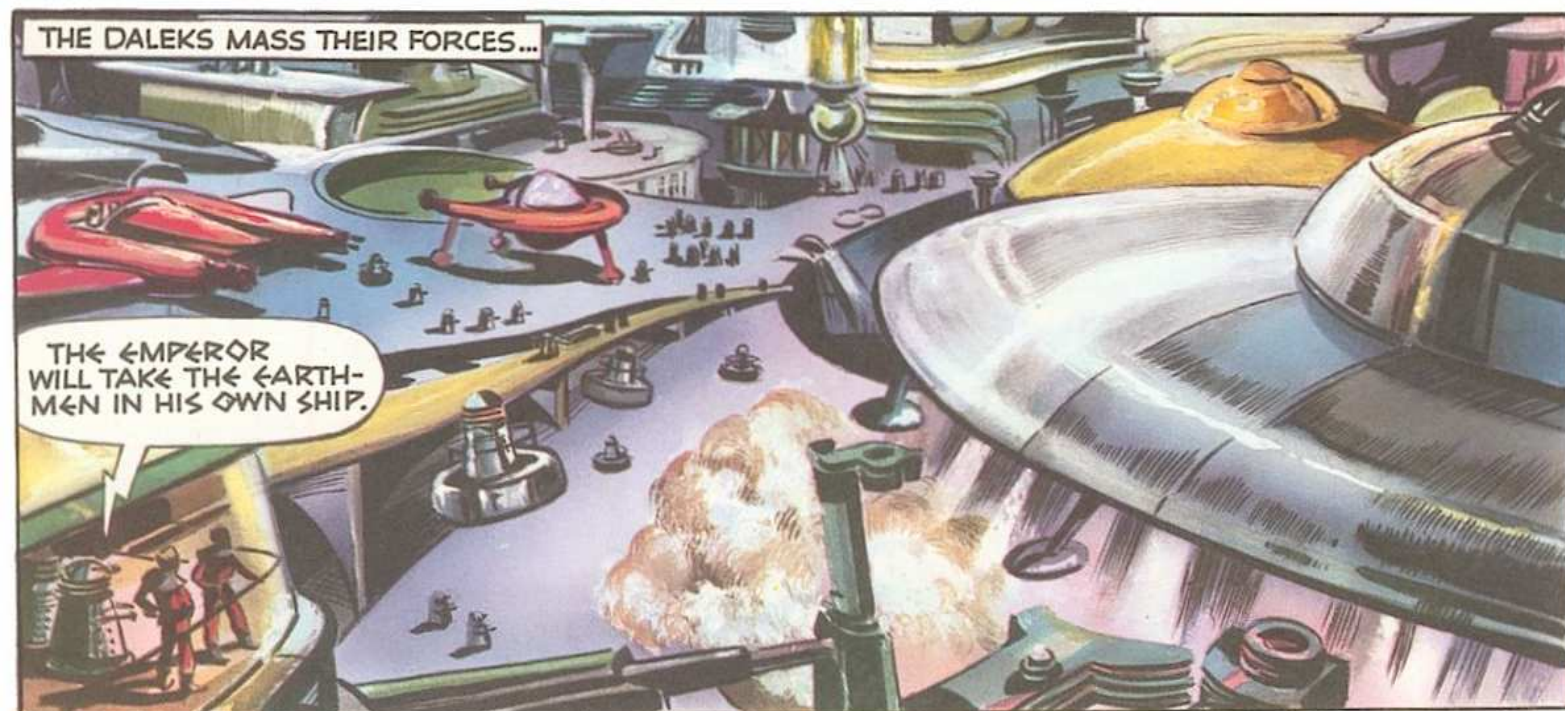
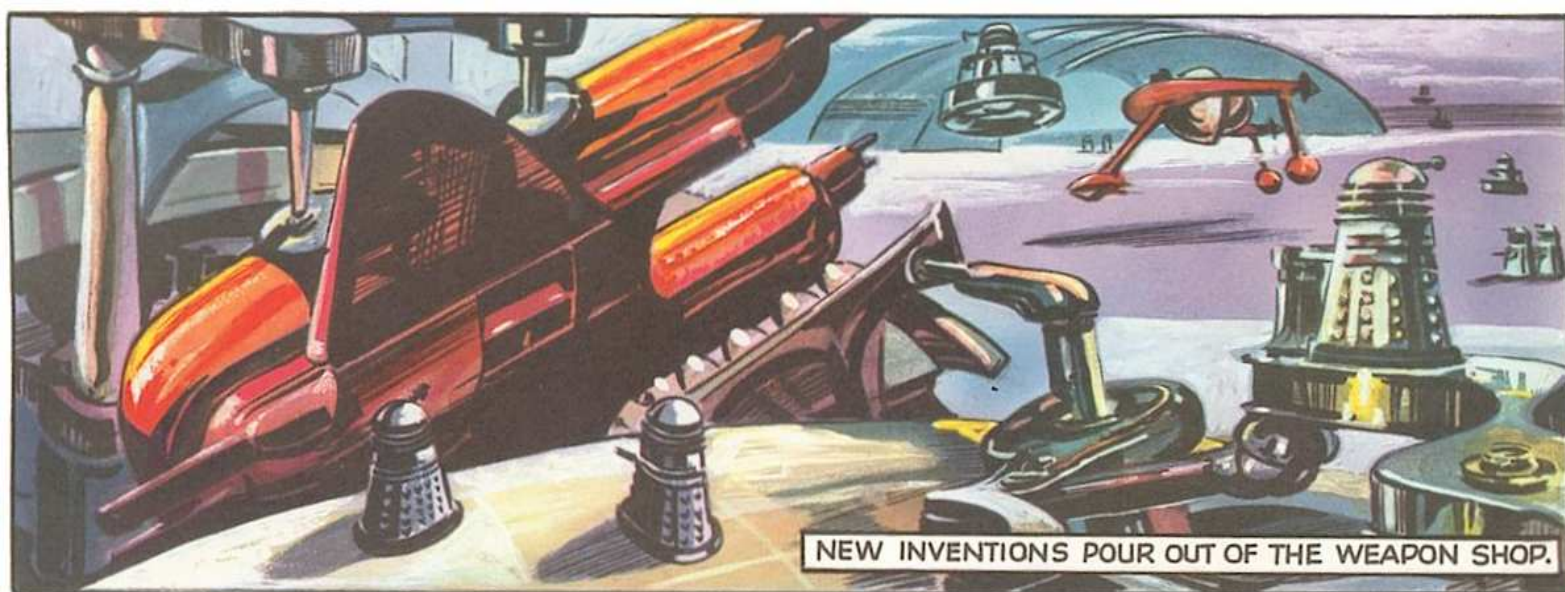


... AND BOMBARDING SMALL PLANETS WITH SO MANY OF THE WHITE HOT METEORS...



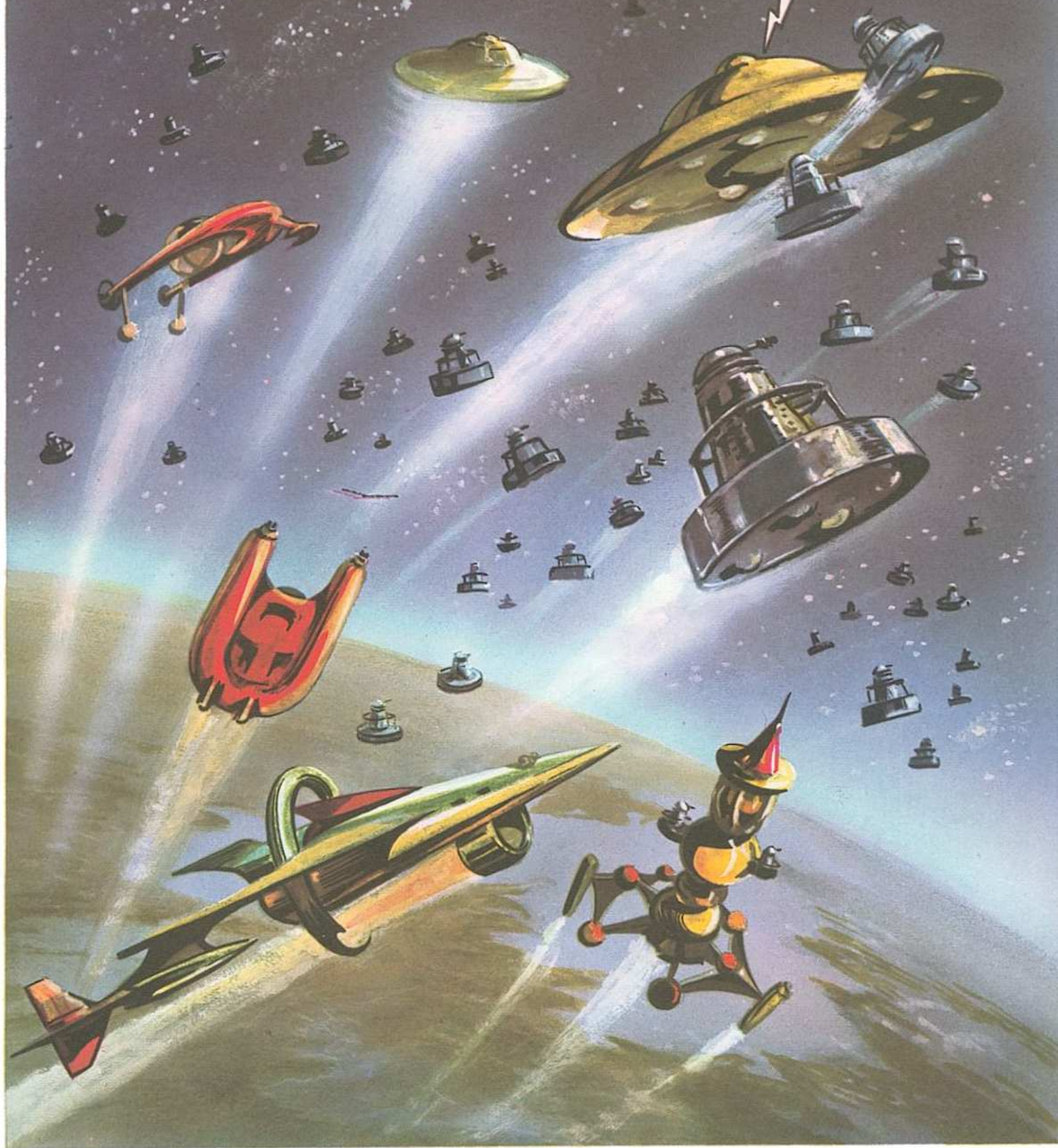
CRUSHING MORE UNWARY SPACE SHIPS...





...AND - TAKE-OFF.

MAXIMUM SPEED
APPROACHING. 80 RELS.
DIRECTION.. SHORT
LONGITUDE 687!



THE BATTLE STARTS...
THE MECHANICAL PLANET
IS TRAPPED - HELD IN
THE SKY BY THE DALEK
ANTI-GRAVITATOR.



YOU'VE STOPPED
THE MECHANICAL PLANET
WITH YOUR GRAVITATIONAL
FORCE FIELD!



NOW WE SHALL
EXAMINE THIS
ENEMY. DO YOU
WISH YOU UNDERSTOOD
OUR WEAPONS, EARTHMAN
JAY?

WE KNOW THEIR PRINCIPLES.
NOT HOW TO OPERATE THEM,
OR WE'D HAVE USED THEM
OURSELVES!

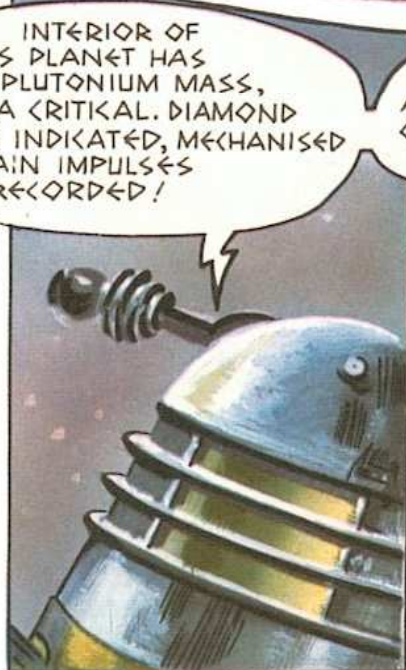


NO DOUBT.
BUT LOOK!
THE DALEKS
ARE
LANDING!



SCOUT DALEK TO MAIN FORCE.
RECORD FIRST READINGS AS
FOLLOWS. PLANET HAS OUTER
LAYER DOUBLE **RRG** METAL,
DEPTH FIFTY FEET!

INTERIOR OF
THIS PLANET HAS
TRI-PLUTONIUM MASS,
EXTRA CRITICAL. DIAMOND
RAYS INDICATED, MECHANISED
BRAIN IMPULSES
RECORDED!



VERY COMPLEX MACHINERY
AND MECHANISMS. ENERGY
COMING FROM TWIN POLAROID
ZETA WAVES!



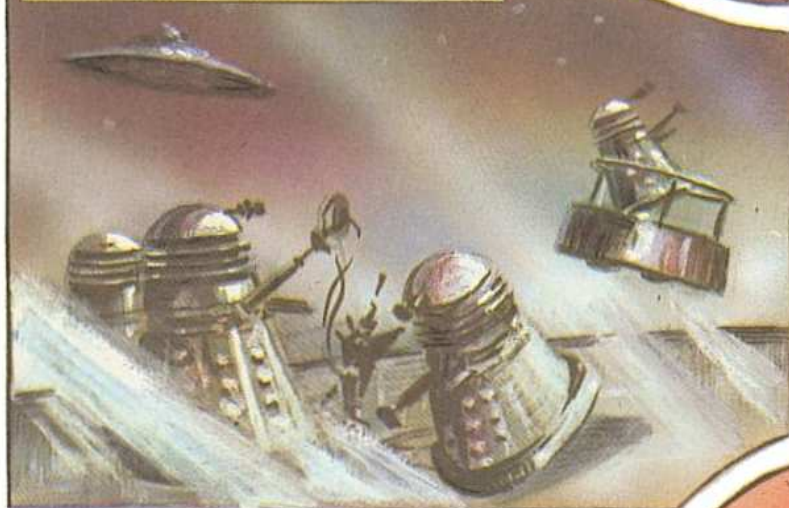
QUITE
BRILLIANT!

A MECHANICAL
PLANET - SIMPLY
MADE TO DESTROY!

THE PLANET FLASHES ITS ORDERS
TO ITS DIAMOND RAY DEFENCES.



THE PLANET DEFENDS ITSELF...



THE PLANET
IS USING A DIAMOND
RAY. INTERESTING!



HAVEN'T
YOU ANY
FEELINGS?
THOSE WERE
YOUR OWN
PEOPLE WHO
DIED!

DALEKS
HAVE NO FEAR
EARTHMAN. OR
PITY. WE LEAVE
HUMAN EMOTIONS
TO HUMAN BEINGS.
WE ALSO HAVE AN
INDIFFERENCE TO
ONE OTHER
THING!



I WILL
TELL YOU
WHEN THE
MECHANICAL
PLANET HAS
BEEN
DEFEATED!

CAN
IT BE?

OF COURSE. YOU HEARD
AS I DID. ITS WEAKNESS
IS SIMPLE!





WHAT WEAKNESS, JAY?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT FOR ALL OUR SAKES, I HOPE THE EMPEROR DOES, GREGG!

SOME TIME LATER, A NEWLY DESIGNED MACHINE APPROACHES THE DESTRUCTIVE PLANET.



THE SCOUTS REPORTED ENERGY COMING FROM TWIN POLAROID ZETA WAVES. THAT IS THE BRAIN OF THE PLANET!

WHAT IS THIS INVENTION YOUR DALEKS ARE CARRYING?



WATCH, EARTHMAN, LEARN OF THE POWER OF OUR MINDS!



REPORTING — TWIN POLAROID ALPHA WAVES ARE SUCCEEDING!





IT IS ALMOST
WRONG TO
DESTROY
ANYTHING SO
SCIENTIFICALLY
BRILLIANT!



BUT HOW
DID YOU DO
IT?

THE PLANET'S POWER WAS TWIN
POLAROID ZETA WAVES. WE USED
OUR KNOWLEDGE OF MAGNETICS AND
APPLIED TWIN POLAROID ALPHA WAVES.
REMOVED THE SKIN AND THEN
TOUCHED OFF THE TRI-PLUTONIUM
MASS!



I SAID WE
DALEKS HAVE
ONE OTHER DIFFERENCE
TO HUMAN BEINGS. IT
IS ETERNAL PATIENCE.
FOR TWO HUNDRED
YEARS WE HAVE WAITED!



NOW WE HAVE OUR
WEAPONS AND OUR
POWER BACK. WARN
EARTH! WARN ALL THE
PLANETS IN EVERY SKY!
THE DALEKS WILL COME
TO CONQUER THEM!



AND SO THE STRUGGLE BEGAN AGAIN,
AS THE DALEKS SPREAD OUTWARDS
TO MAKE ALL THE GALAXIES ONE
WORLD... THE DALEK WORLD!!!

“THE SECRET STRUGGLE”

UNISPACE SECURITY REPORT

FORM EP/8568

INTERPLANETARY
DEPT. HEADS

NAME OF AGENT: Arthur Lippert

NUMBER: E.M. (Earthman) 8.

DATE OF REPORT: _____

SUBJECT: _____

Assassination of
Minister of Defence by
E.M.I. (Merik Scrivener)

BASE: New London. Earth

DEPT. HEAD: Unispace Controller

EARTH ✓

MARS

VENUS

SATURN

PLUTO

MERCURY

URANUS

JUPITER

NEPTUNE

(Please Initial above when read and pass forward)

**ABOVE FOR
OFFICIAL USE ONLY**

- (a) (When making out this report, agent concerned should provide as much detail as possible, including dates, names and locations. Report must be robotyped and submitted with nineteen copies.)
- (b) (Agent concerned is warned that cross-reference and checking will be applied to this report and that the severest penalties may result from false information.) (Inter-plan sub-section 809C.)

I was officially attached to Unispace Security Guard detail; a routine duty all agents undertake in rotation; for the Nine Planet Screen broadcast by Defence Minister Tal Yorke. The broadcast was to be given in front of an invited audience of space journalists, including visiting columnists from other galaxies. My duties were to sit in one of the front seats, slightly to the right

of the Minister. Scrivener, my immediate superior in Unispace Security had explained to me that all visitors to the United Planet Building had to produce photo-passes and submit themselves to Infra-Ultra ray screening before being allowed to enter the main hall.

The hall filled rapidly, soon to overflowing and at eleven o'clock precisely, Tal Yorke stepped out on the rostrum and sat down in front of the massed microphones and began to sort through his notes. I was surprised to see that Scrivener appeared and sat a few seats from me, in the front row, because I understood that he was in charge of the security arrangements in reception. Before I could talk to him, however, the Minister stood up and the visitors began to applaud. Tal Yorke smiled and held up his hands begging for silence and in a short, few moments the hall was quiet and the visiting journalists eagerly waiting, with their transmitter pen-pads held on their knees, ready to send every word immediately to their respective newspapers and magazines. We all knew that the Minister was to give details of the methods by which the Daleks were to be kept outside the million mile limit, area of neutral space surrounding the nine planets of this solar system.

Just as Tal Yorke was about to speak, my superior, Scrivener stood up and drew an atogun from inside his jacket. I thought for a moment, he must have seen or sensed some danger threatening the Minister and yet there was an expression on Scrivener's face, a tensed attitude about his body, which seemed unnatural and alien. I jumped up and literally threw myself at Scrivener but just before I reached him, he fired and Tal Yorke fell backwards over his chair, dragging some of the microphone equipment with him. I heard absolute pandemonium going on around me as I struggled with Scrivener but he must have managed to strike me over the head with the gun, because I felt the sharp pain in my head and lost consciousness for a few moments.

I found that the hall was in absolute confusion and chaos. Several journalists were bending over me and one of them, Tom Lytton of the "Global News", told me that Scrivener had, incredibly enough, managed to get away. Lytton said that the shock was so great that Scrivener had been able to run to a side door after shooting the Minister and knocking me down before anybody could collect themselves. Lytton helped me to my feet and together we hurried to the side door, running through the corridor beyond. Behind us could be heard the shouts and general panic of the visitors in the hall and the appeals to order being made by officials and Security men.

We turned a corner and I nearly stumbled over the body of Security Agent E.W. (Earth Woman) 5, whose name I knew was Brit. She was lying quite near a lift. Lytton and I revived her. As the three of us went down in a lift to the ground floor, Brit described what had happened.

"Scrivener ran around the corner with an atogun in his hands. I'd heard the noise in the Hall and guessed that something was wrong," she told us. "His face was deadly white and his eyes were burning, almost as if he had a fever."

"'What happened?' I asked him. He ran past me and pressed the button to open the lift doors desperately.

"'I must get to Yorke's home,' he shouted. I took hold of his arm, worried by his manner and the shouting from the hall. The lift doors opened and he pushed me away so sharply, I slipped and hit my head on the floor and passed out."

THE SECRET STRUGGLE



"He must have managed to strike me over the head with his gun."

Lytton, Brit and I raced out of the United Planet Building, commandeered a helicar and programmed it to Yorke's house. During the short journey, each of us tried to offer reasons for Scrivener's assassination of the Minister. Scrivener had been with Unispace Security for fifteen years, to my knowledge, and had always had a reputation for being totally reliable. His contribution to Unispace is too well known for me to detail it here and we had to admit we were completely baffled.

I assembled what little facts we knew. I had noticed something odd about his face as he drew his gun. Brit had remarked on his white face and burning eyes. I asked Lytton if he had noticed anything strange about Scrivener.

"Only that he seemed to be walking in a rather peculiar way," he replied thoughtfully. "You know, with rather stiff legs; rigid; as if . . . as if he *were forcing himself to walk!*"

I added this to what I knew already. I asked the others if they felt the facts indicated some sort of mind control. They immediately agreed. The three of us knew that Scrivener in possession of his own will, would never commit any crime against our world. We knew he was quite incorruptible. The more I thought about it, the surer I became that somehow or other, and by someone or other, the assassination had been forced upon Scrivener by hypnotics.

We heard the fire bells as we approached Yorke's house, and in a few moments, we raced out of the helicar and stood helplessly in front of the burning wreck of the Minister's fine old Mansion. Brit walked over to a Superintendent of Police while Lytton and I watched the desperate attempts of the fire-fighters to put down the inferno. Whatever ambition filled Lytton, deserted him in the horror of the destruction of the showplace of New London. One might have expected the journalist in him to realise he had a news story happening right in front of his eyes. Lytton simply stood there, next to me, his eyes riveted on the blaze, watching every move of the firemen as they tried to get inside the house and rescue anyone who might have been caught in the flames.

Brit returned.

"The police Superintendent says the firemen are going to have to give in. They know the Defence Minister's family, his wife and three children, were all inside. There's no hope of saving them."

"They're dead then?" asked Lytton. Brit looked at the flickering inferno.

"Could anything live in that?" she replied.

I said: "What about Meric Scrivener? Did the Superintendent see him? He can't have been here long before us."

Brit shook her head.

"He didn't see him. But why did Meric Scrivener come here in the first place?"

The three of us turned and walked back to our borrowed helicar.

"Meric assassinates Tal Yorke and then races here," she went on.

"He can't have known about the fire," put in Lytton and I nodded my agreement. A young police sergeant came running up to us at that moment, while I was trying to make sense of what had happened.

"Excuse me but was one of you asking after a Mr. Meric Scrivener?"

The sergeant told us that he'd talked to him only a short while before. Meric had muttered something about getting to the half completed Octogon building. We thanked the sergeant and clambered into the helicar. Lytton started up the power drive.

"You may have been right about Meric Scrivener having been hypnotized," murmured Brit as the helicar zoomed away from the fire and Lytton guided it expertly between the top floors of a nearby street of skyscrapers, "but I must say," she added, "everything's beginning to point to a terrible kind of mental breakdown. I mean, why on earth does Meric want to go to the Octogon? It's a half completed building. The underground shelters are all there, but the part that's above ground is simply a frame-work."

"Better get your guns ready," said Lytton grimly. "I think it's worse than a mental breakdown. I think Scrivener's gone completely mad."

I sat back in my seat in the comfortable little helicar and turned over the events in my mind. When a man commits murder as Meric had done, the natural action is to run, when that murder is deliberate and pre-conceived. So I could see why Meric might want to go to the Octogon. The underground shelters could make a good hiding place. But why had he broken his journey and gone to the blazing house?

I gave up as the little flyer dipped down and landed smoothly near the half completed Octogon building, soon to be the new House of Planetary War and Defence. Today was a public holiday, so there were no workers about. The building site was deserted and empty. The huge robo-cranes, the sensitized earth movers, and the dozen and one automation machines lay quietly idle and, above them all, the vast and already imposing structure reared skywards, its giant atomised glass girders standing proudly in the sunshine.

We hurried through the machines, picking our way as carefully as our hasty steps permitted, through dumps of materials and rows of building tools and carriers, and made our way into the shell of the building and descended into the very depths by one of the stair-ways, already completed and ready to move as soon as we stepped upon them. Lights automatically lit and glowed as we passed.

We all saw the body at the same time. It was lying at the bottom of the moving stairway — the body of a young man in his early twenties who had been shot dead with an atogun. An atogun was in his right hand, unfired I discovered, as I bent beside him.

"Meric Scrivener must have done this," muttered Lytton, and I mentally agreed. There was a strange band of metal about the dead man's wrist and its purpose puzzled me. I put it to the back of my mind and followed the other two. We ran along a long corridor made of fused quartz, our path lit by the lamps that glowed on and off as we went by.

Then, it seemed, we had come to a dead end. The long corridor appeared to end and the three of us slowed, then stopped before a blank wall.

"Another mystery," said Brit. "What's the point of a corridor that just ends like this?"

Lytton, examining the walls, suddenly gave a cry of triumph.

"There's a kind of a switch here."

He pressed it and the wall began to slide away. Brit and I drew our atoguns and walked into

the darkness, our eyes straining to see ahead. Suddenly, hands grabbed at us and lights flared on. We were both disarmed and I noticed we were being held by a number of young men who all had metal bands around their wrists. Brit gave a gasp of astonishment beside me and I turned my head to see what caused her surprise. My mouth literally dropped open, as I stared at a small group of people manacled to a wall.

I looked straight into the agonised face of Tal Yorke, the Minister of Defence! Beside him, similarly imprisoned, were his wife and three children. Brit and I stared at each other in absolute bewilderment. Who had died in the fire? And surely we hadn't dreamed the assassination of Yorke?

The answer wasn't long in coming. Another sliding wall section moved and a shape began to emerge from the shadows beyond. I felt my blood run cold as the shape clarified.

Before us now was a Dalek! Every detail of its evil figure clear to our eyes. A Dalek, actually on Earth and here; deep down in our Octagon building.

"You are a Security Agent for Earth," it grated. "Understand that I have been sent secretly to this planet, to carry on our struggle to conquer this, and every other planet."

The Dalek then looked at some of the young men on either side of me.

"Bring some of the mind-metal wrist controllers. These new captives will soon help me in the work that must be done."

Just at that moment, I saw a hand holding an atogun pierce out of the shadows. I watched a finger pressing down on the firing button and a streak of blue-green ray shoot out and burn into the top of the Dalek. It gave out a long, alien, horrifying sound of agony as the ray cut right through its outer casing. I seized the opportunity and pulled violently away from the young man who was holding my arms, knocking him down with a right to the jaw. As I turned to look for a fresh target, the Dalek spun around and crashed into a wall, lifeless and finished. The young men with the wrist bands suddenly drooped and collapsed to the ground, as if the death of their master had robbed them of impulse.

A man stepped from the shadows, his face grim, the still smoking atogun firmly in his hand.

"Meric!" cried Brit, and a slight smile crossed his face as he looked at her. He pocketed the gun and, with Lytton's help, we started to release Tal Yorke and his family, who were almost crying with relief and gratitude.

"What a story," said Lytton, breathlessly. "You will let me have the first release, won't you?"

"But if Tal Yorke is here . . .?" I began. Meric grinned at me.

"The man I killed in the conference hall was a humanoid, Arthur," he told me. "I've known Tal Yorke for years. I knew the one who walked on that stage was a fake. This Dalek kidnapped Tal Yorke and his family, made a humanoid robot in Tal's likeness, and ordered it to make a different speech."

"One that would damage our alliance, I have no doubt," remarked the Defence Minister, with an arm around his wife, "and set us all quarrelling so that the Daleks could attack us easily."

"And the burning of the Minister's house?" asked Brit.

"The Dalek remembered that Yorke's servants would watch the home screeners. They might

THE SECRET STRUGGLE



"You are a Security Agent for Earth."

realise it wasn't their master. He had to destroy them," answered Meric. We started to unclip the mind-metal wristlets from the young men, who immediately began to shake their heads and wake up, as if from a deep dream. I had a moment of inspiration.

"Of course, you hoped someone would follow you. That's why you kept leaving a pointer."

He nodded. "I saw a young man leaving the vicinity of the fire and followed him, after I overheard him programme his flyer to the Octogon building. Unfortunately, he spotted me at the bottom of the moving stairway and I had to shoot him."

"But why did you wait?" I asked.

"I didn't know how to get through the stone door that blocked the corridor. The Dalek had hidden down here and established his headquarters. The way in was known only to the Dalek and his humanoid robots!"

His hand shot out and closed around Lytton's wrist. We all saw the band of metal as the sleeve was pulled back, only this band of metal was quite different, as Meric proved by pushing up the sleeve as far as it would go. The whole arm was made of metal. Lytton, or rather the humanoid robot made to look like Lytton, tried to struggle away, but we overpowered it and turned off its power source.

"Hidden around here somewhere," remarked Meric, "will be the real Lytton, I have no doubt. It didn't take us long to find the poor journalist, manacled alone in a dark little cell. He kept gripping our hands to re-assure himself that his rescue was real.

Meric Scrivener apologised for knocking me out in the conference hall.

"I was terrified the people might tear me to pieces before I could explain," he said. I shook his hand warmly and he smiled and looked at Brit. "I owe you an apology, too, Brit," he murmured. "I should have told you what was happening but there simply wasn't time."

That is the end of my report. I fear that my part in this matter has not been great, but I feel I am in a position to support any recommendation made by my superiors that Meric Scrivener (E.M. 1) be awarded the Nine Planet Star Decoration for intelligence, endeavour and bravery.

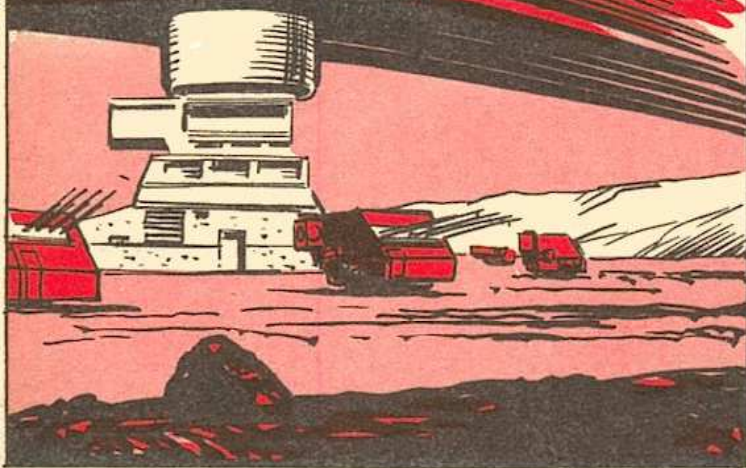
Signed Arthur Lippert (EMS).

DEPT. HEAD'S REMARKS:

Regarding this Agent's last paragraph, I heartily endorse his suggestion of a decoration. Meric Scrivener's gallantry was above and beyond the call of duty.

Signed Bronson Bailey.
(UNISPACE CONTROLLER/EARTH)

TREASURE OF THE DALEKS

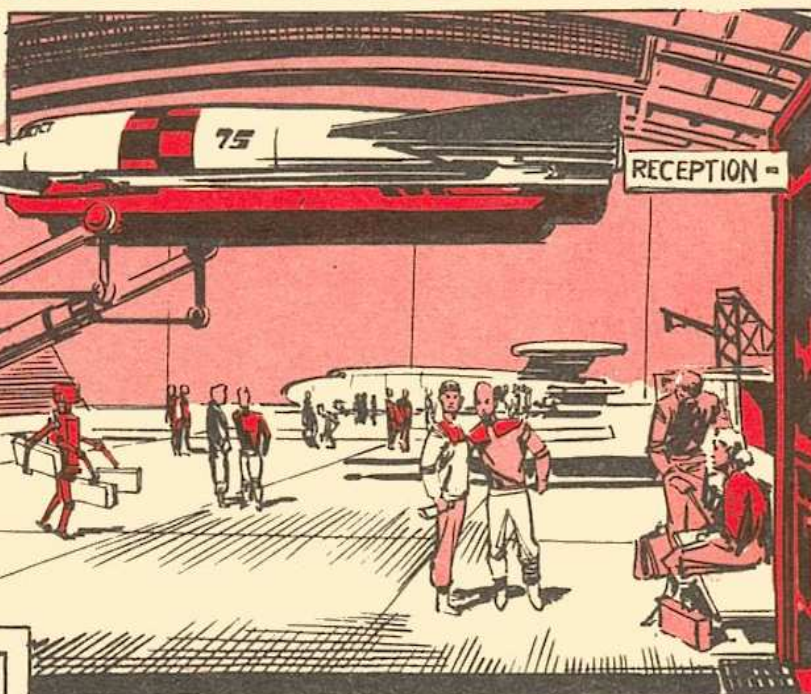


ON SATELLITE AIRPORT, THREE LIGHT YEARS FROM PLUTO...



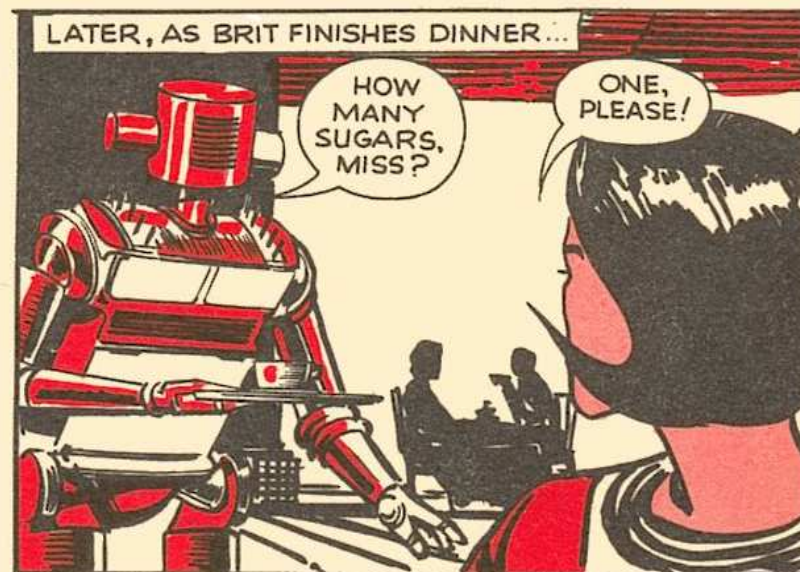
THAT'S THE DALEK TREASURE HOUSE ALL RIGHT. THAT LIGHT-WAVE CAMERA OF YOURS IS GREAT!

DON'T LOOK UP, THE GIRL NAMED BRIT IS JUST COMING IN!



STAYING OVERNIGHT, BRIT?

NO SUCH LUCK. JUST TIME FOR A SHOWER AND SOME FOOD AND THEN THE LONG HAUL TO EARTH!



LATER, AS BRIT FINISHES DINNER...

HOW MANY SUGARS, MISS?

ONE, PLEASE!

TWO MEN SLIP ABOARD HER SPACE SHIP...



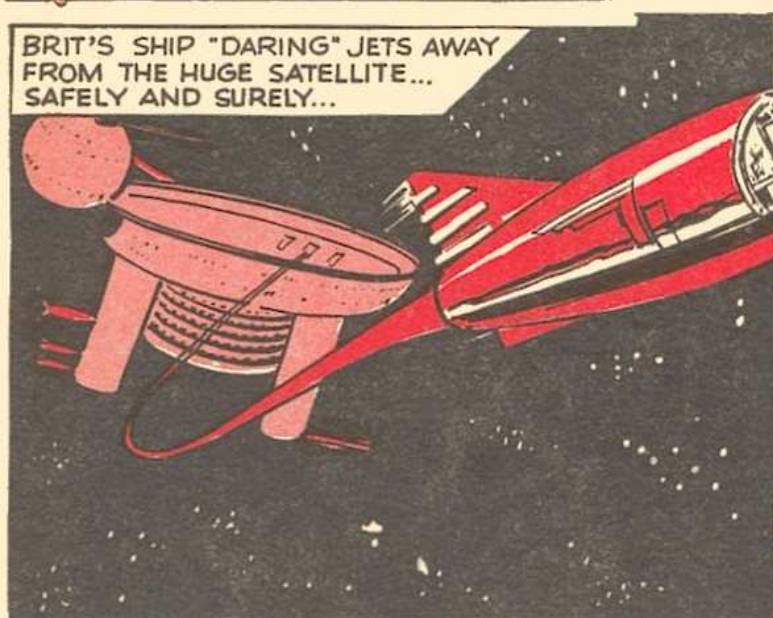
AND WHEN BRIT LEAVES, SHE TAKES TWO UNWANTED PASSENGERS... WELL HIDDEN...



BALANCING NORMAL. HOLDING ROCKETS. PROCEED...

ALL SKIES ANNOUNCE THE DEPARTURE OF EARTH-SHIP "DARING" - SOLO FLIGHT FROM HATCHWAY NINE!

BRIT'S SHIP "DARING" JETS AWAY FROM THE HUGE SATELLITE... SAFELY AND SURELY...



BUT INSIDE THE SHIP, DANGER THREATENS.



SAFE FLIGHT. OUT!

A.I. LIFT-OFF, THANK YOU SATELLITE. BREAKING RADIO CONTACT NOW. OUT!

WHAT'S THAT STRANGE... I FEEL... I...

THE "DARING" ALTERS COURSE... FOR SKARO...



YOU GET THAT NERVE GAS CLEARED. I'LL PROGRAMME THE SHIP TO SKARO!





BUT YOU CAN'T LAND ON SKARO. WE'RE AT WAR WITH THE DALEKS!



WE CHOSE YOUR SPACE SHIP BECAUSE IT'S ABLE TO SLIP THROUGH THE DALEK DEFENCE WARNING BEAMS!



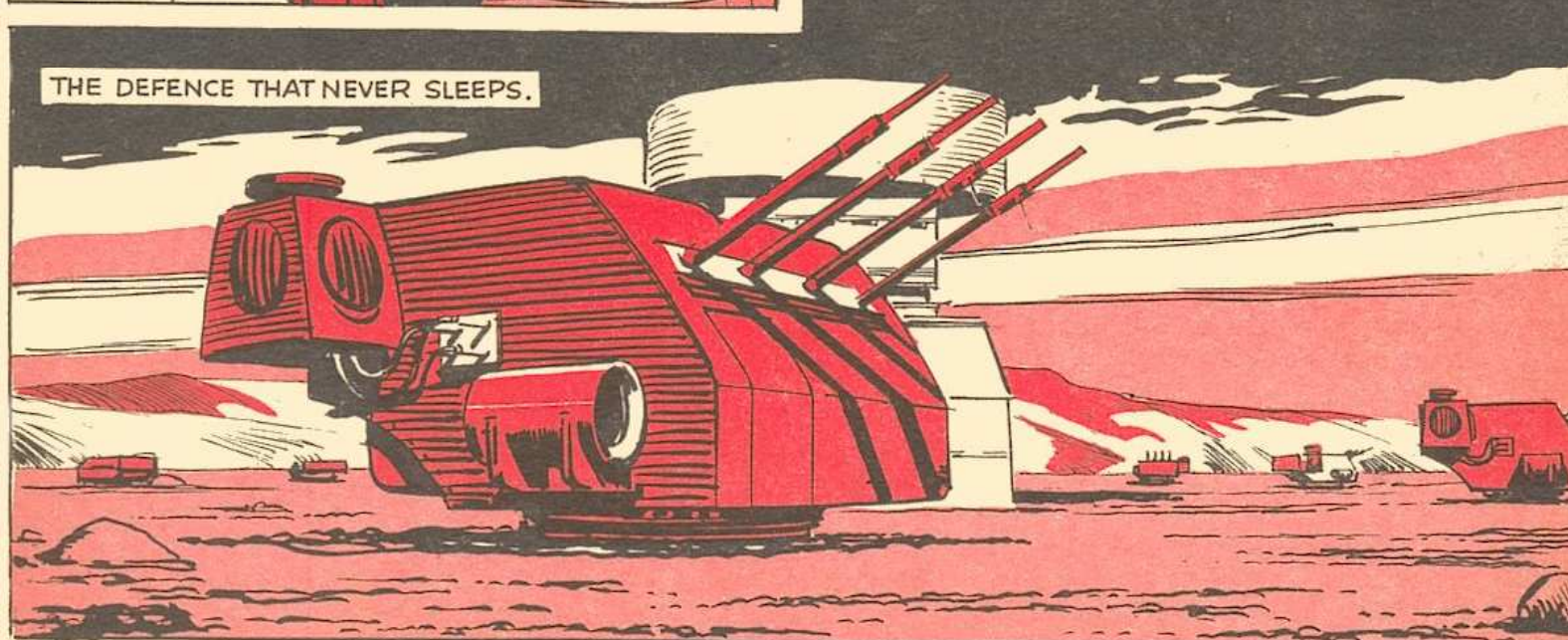
WE PLAN TO ROB THE DALEK TREASURE HOUSE!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!

OH, WE WON'T BE BLAMED. **YOU** WILL...



SKARO AHEAD, BORG. NOW LET'S DEAL WITH THOSE DEFENCE GUNS AROUND THE TREASURE HOUSE!



THE DEFENCE THAT NEVER SLEEPS.

THE SHIP GLIDES OVER THE ROBO-GUNS, PROTECTED BY ITS ANTI-BEAM FORCE FIELD.

CIRCLE ...
AND RELEASE
FUEL !

ROCKET FUEL, 202° BELOW FREEZING (CF)
SPRAYS DOWN.

GOOD MARKSMANSHIP,
ZEMMER. THE GUNS
WON'T MELT FOR
HOURS!

LET'S GET
INSIDE THE
TREASURE
HOUSE!

WE TAKE THE TREASURE
TO WHERE OUR SHIP'S
HIDDEN. LEAVE A LITTLE
OF IT - AND YOU IN
YOUR SHIP...

AND YOU'LL
BE ACCUSED
OF PIRACY!

DON'T BE FOOLISH.
THE PLANETS ARE AT WAR
WITH THE DALEKS. THEY
WOULDN'T ACCUSE ME
OF ANYTHING!

THE
DALEKS
WOULD!

THE DALEKS PRIZE THEIR
TREASURE. THEY HUNT
YOU DOWN IN EVERY
SKY!

HEY!
ZEMMER,
LOOK!

THE TREASURE OF THE SKIES...



LET'S GET AS MUCH AS WE CAN IN THE GIRL'S SHIP!

JUPITER! BORG, WE'RE RICH. THE RICHEST MEN IN SPACE!

HOW CAN I STOP THEM?

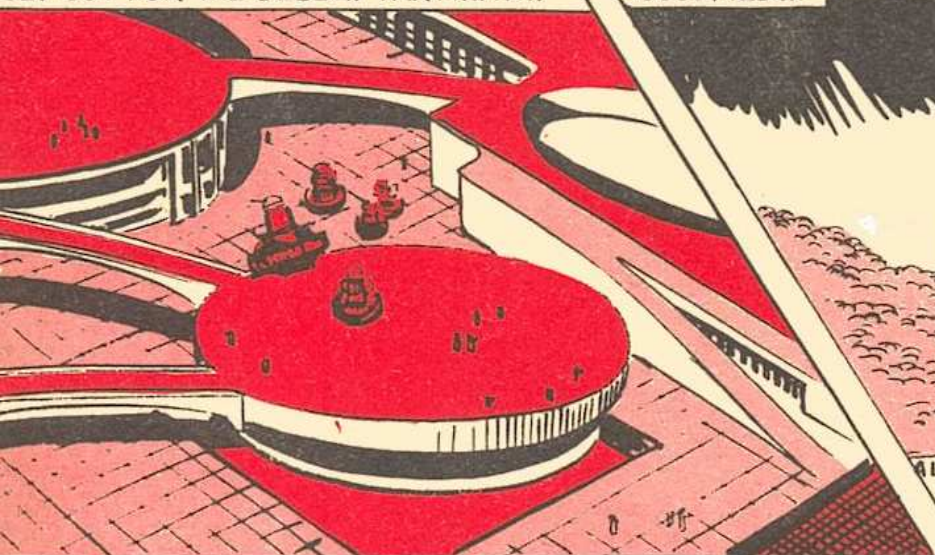
OTHER MINDS ARE ALERT...

NO SAFETY REPORTS FROM ROBOT-GUNS GUARDING TREASURE HOUSE!

SEND DALEK HOVER-BOTS TO MAKE REPORT!

AND A SMALL FLEET OF HOVERBOTS SET OUT FOR THE DESERT FAR AWAY...

WHILE THE THIEVES ARE OCCUPIED...



BRIT USES HER WITS...



STRANGE HELP IS AT HAND...



STOP PLAYING THE FOOL AND GIVE ME A HAND!







BORG!
THE GIRL'S
GOT AWAY...
SHE'LL TAKE
THE SHIP!

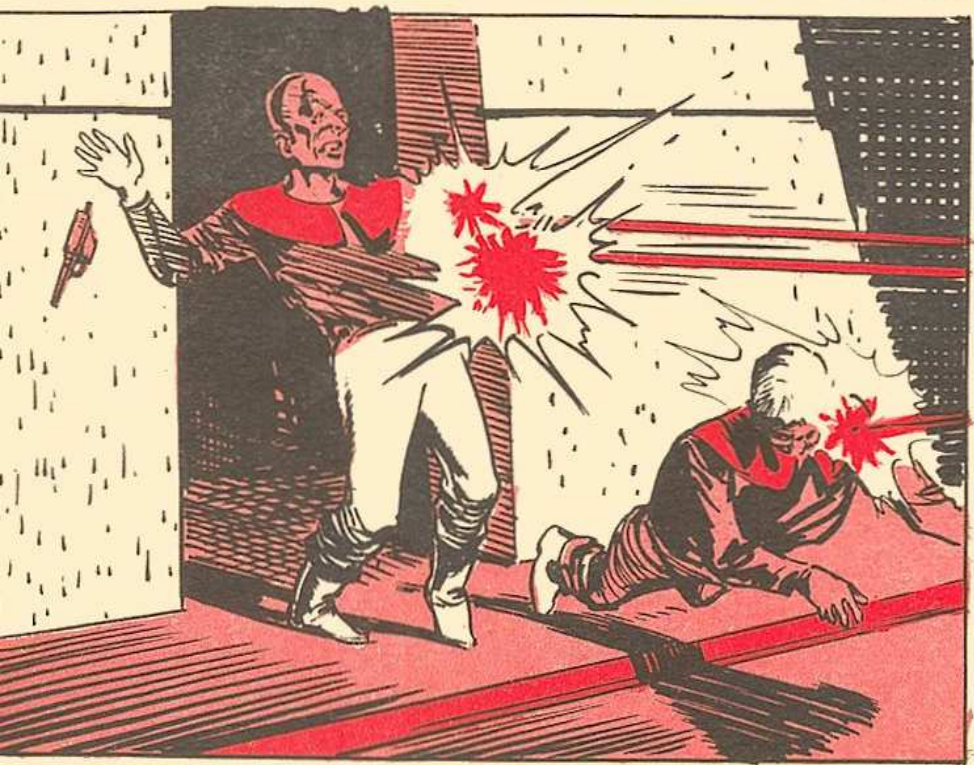
WE'LL BE
STRANDED!



THE ICE MELTS! THE ROBOT-GUNS
SWING INTO ACTION ...

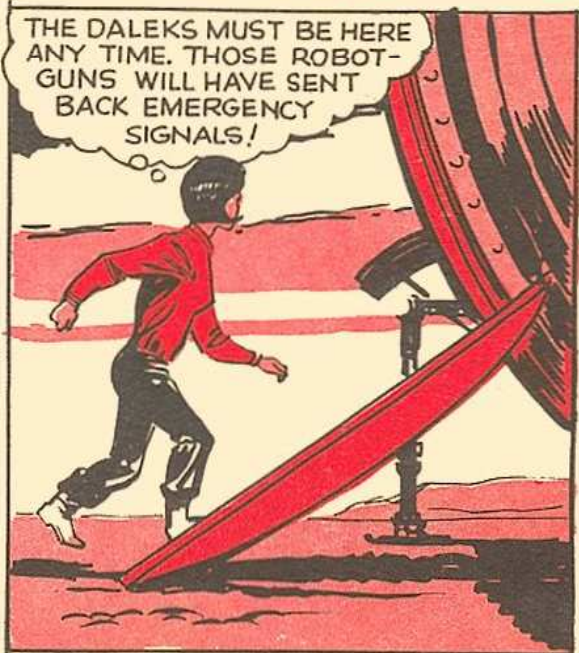


PHEW! JUST IN TIME.
BORG AND ZEMMER
FORGOT SKARO HAS
TWO SUNS. SO THE
GUNS MELTED
IN HALF THE
TIME!



GET BACK!
THE GUNS ARE
WORKING!

WE'LL FIGHT
OUR WAY OUT!



THE DALEKS MUST BE HERE
ANY TIME. THOSE ROBOT-
GUNS WILL HAVE SENT
BACK EMERGENCY
SIGNALS!

BRIT'S SPACE
SHIP DARTS UP
INTO THE
IONOSPHERE...
AND SAFETY.

ONLY JUST IN TIME...

PIRATES!
BUT WHERE IS
THEIR SPACE
SHIP?

NOTHING
CAN HAVE ESCAPED
THE GUNS!

LET US ITEMISE
THE TREASURE TO
MAKE SURE!

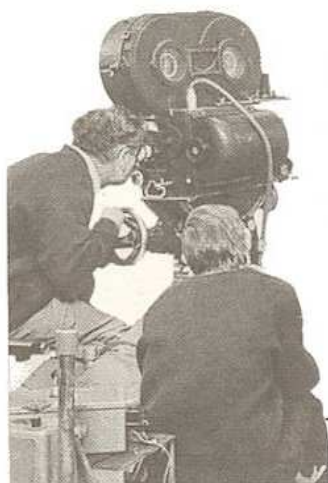
SO, AFTER HOURS
OF CALCULATION...

WE HAVE LOST
NOTHING... EXCEPT
ONE LARGE
DIAMOND!

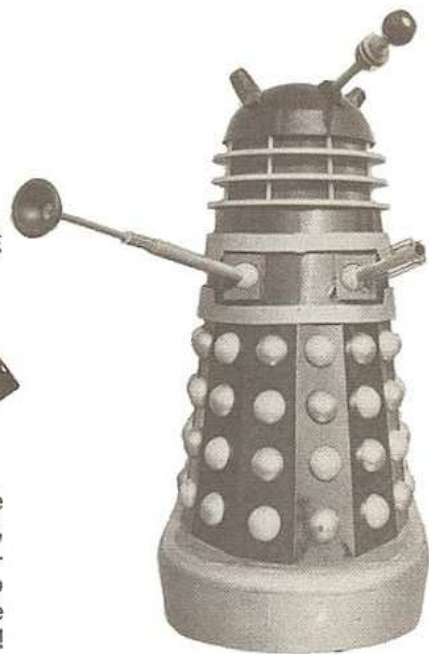
I'LL BET THE
DALEKS ARE WONDERING
WHERE THIS IS. WHAT A
STORY! HOW I CUT
MYSELF FREE INSIDE
THE DALEK TREASURE
HOUSE... WITH A
MILLION POUND
DIAMOND!

OF COURSE,
NO-ONE WILL
BELIEVE ME!

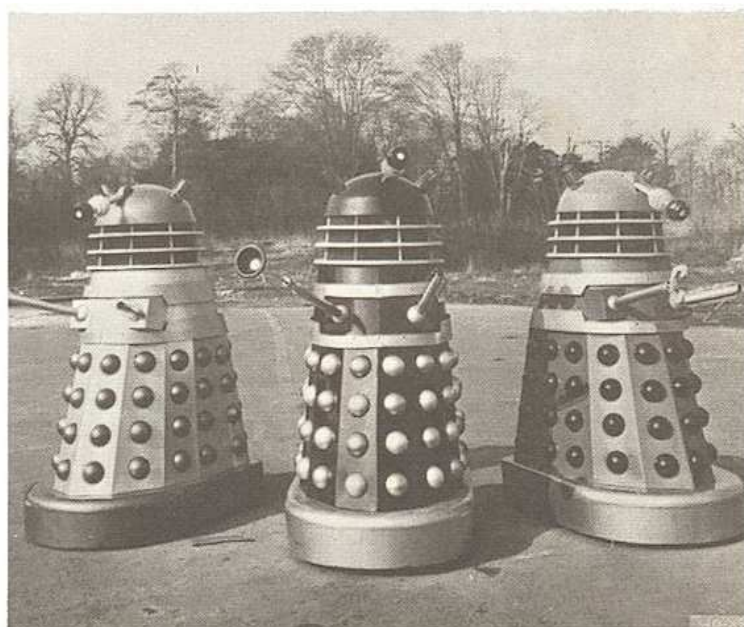
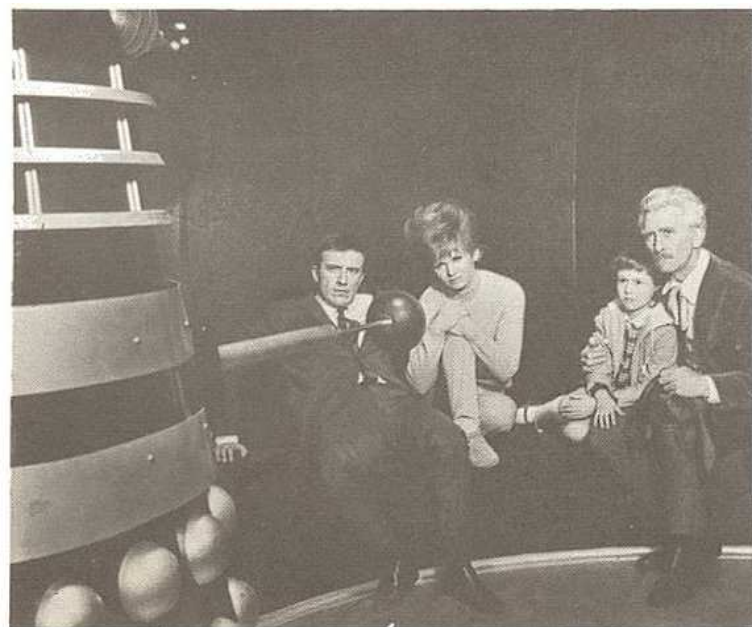
FILMING THE DALEKS



Action! ... Camera!—and the Daleks prepare to invade and conquer the whole Earth world in full colour, full colour, and wide screen. At Shepperton Studios they faced different kind of shooting when the cameras turned on them to make a cinema version of "Dr. Who and The Daleks". The result is Dalek excitement like you've never seen before!!



It took the largest film studio stage in Europe to film the Daleks—"H" Stage at Shepperton, plus several other giant stages—were transformed into outer-space planets, with a vast petrified jungle and the reproduction of the incredible all-metal Dalek City filling every foot of one entire giant studio. But in this film version, Dr. Who, Ian, Barbara, and Susan, are played by different people—by Peter Cushing, Roy Castle, Jennie Linden, and Roberta Tovey. The fantastic film of "Dr. Who and The Daleks" is to be screened all over the world, and in many languages. The Daleks are setting out to conquer again...



WRITE, PRODUCE and DIRECT A DALEK Film

Writer	
Producer	
Director	

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO BECOME THE AUTHOR, PRODUCER AND DIRECTOR OF YOUR OWN DALEK FILM. FIRST OF ALL, PUT YOUR OWN NAME IN THE SPACES ON THE STUDIO CLAPPER BOARD LEFT. NOW YOU'RE IN THE FILM BUSINESS.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PICTURE STORY

IN THE PAGES THAT FOLLOW ARE THIRTY-FIVE NUMBERED 'STILLS' SELECTED FROM THE FILM 'DR. WHO AND THE DALEKS'. BENEATH EACH WE HAVE LEFT A SPACE INTO WHICH WE WANT YOU TO WRITE WHAT YOU THINK IS HAPPENING, BASED ON THE BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE STORY GIVEN BELOW. WRITE DOWN WHAT THE ACTORS OR DALEKS ARE SAYING. FOR EXAMPLE, UNDER PICTURE NUMBER ONE, YOU MIGHT WRITE:—

1. INSIDE THE TIMESHIP TARDIS.

BARBARA I'm fed up sitting here . . . I'm going out to explore.

IAN. You can't Barbara . . . It's dangerous!!

AS ANOTHER EXAMPLE, UNDER PICTURE NUMBER SIX YOU MIGHT WRITE:—

6. INSIDE DALEK CONTROL ROOM.

DALEK 1. The man has radiation sickness.

DALEK 2. We will let the child return to get drugs.

YOU GET THE IDEA?

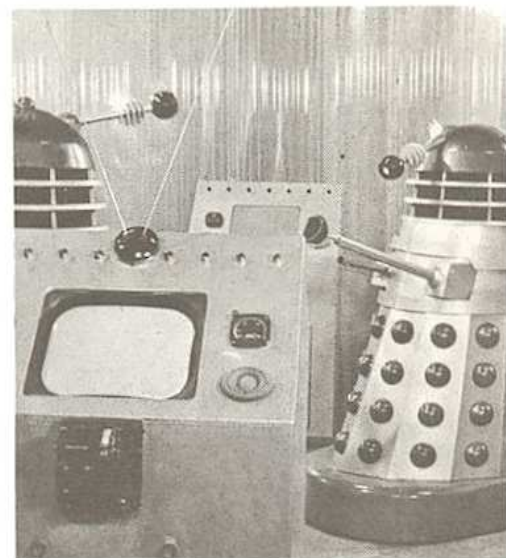
WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED WRITING AND DIRECTING THE FILM, WHY NOT START AGAIN, AND THIS TIME MAKE A NEW STORY. DECIDE ON A NEW ORDER FOR THE PICTURES AND WRITE DOWN THE NUMBERS ON A PIECE OF PAPER. AGAINST EACH NUMBER YOU CAN PUT DOWN YOUR NEW STORY. FOR INSTANCE, THIS TIME YOU MIGHT START WITH THE DOCTOR AND HIS FRIENDS MEETING THE THALS, MAKING THE JOURNEY THROUGH THE CAVES, THEN BEING CAPTURED AND HAVING TO ESCAPE. THERE ARE LOTS OF DIFFERENT STORIES YOU CAN TELL. USE YOUR IMAGINATION AND HAVE FUN!!! WHO KNOWS, MAYBE ONE DAY YOU'LL BE THE MAN OR GIRL ON THE FLOOR OF A REAL FILM STUDIO, GIVING THE ORDERS!!

IN THE TIMESHIP TARDIS, DR. WHO, HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER SUSAN, IAN AND BARBARA HAVE LANDED ON THE PLANET SKARO. UNKNOWN TO THEM, THEIR ARRIVAL HAS BEEN SEEN IN THE DALEK CONTROL ROOM. DR. WHO AND SUSAN EXPLORE THE DALEK CITY, NOT KNOWING THAT IAN AND BARBARA ARE ALREADY PRISONERS. THE DOCTOR IS SUFFERING FROM RADIATION SICKNESS, AND SUSAN IS ALLOWED TO RETURN TO THE TARDIS TO BRING DRUGS THAT WILL CURE HIM. SHE MAKES THE TERRIFYING JOURNEY THROUGH THE PETRIFIED JUNGLE. MEANWHILE, THE DALEKS ARE PLANNING TO AMBUSH THEIR ENEMIES, THE THALS, WHEN THEY COME TO THE CITY TO COLLECT SUPPLIES. DR. WHO RECOVERS AND THE FOUR TIME TRAVELLERS PLAN THEIR ESCAPE. AFTER A DEADLY STRUGGLE IN WHICH IAN IS NEARLY STRANGLED, OUR QUARTET ESCAPE AND ARE ABLE TO WARN THE THALS. TOGETHER, THEY PLOT A WAY TO ATTACK THE DALEK CITY. IAN LEADS THE TASK FORCE THROUGH THE SWAMP OF TERROR, THEN THROUGH SPINE-CHILLING ADVENTURES AND DANGERS IN THE CAVES OF FEAR. DR. WHO AND SUSAN ARE RECAPTURED BY THE DALEKS AND ARE ABOUT TO BE EXECUTED, WHEN IAN AND THE THALS ENTER THE CITY AND OVERCOME THE DREADED DALEKS. THE DOCTOR AND HIS FRIENDS MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE TARDIS AND MORE ADVENTURES, LEAVING THE PEACE-LOVING THALS TO BUILD A NEW AND SAFE WORLD.

THE END



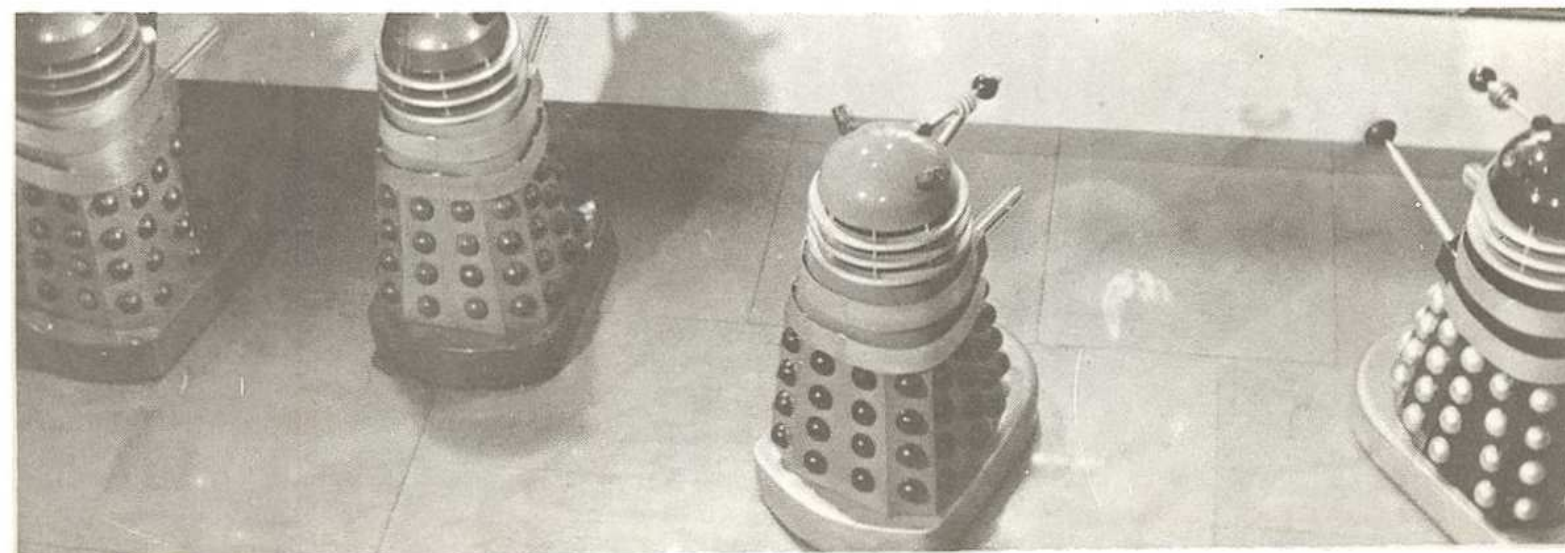
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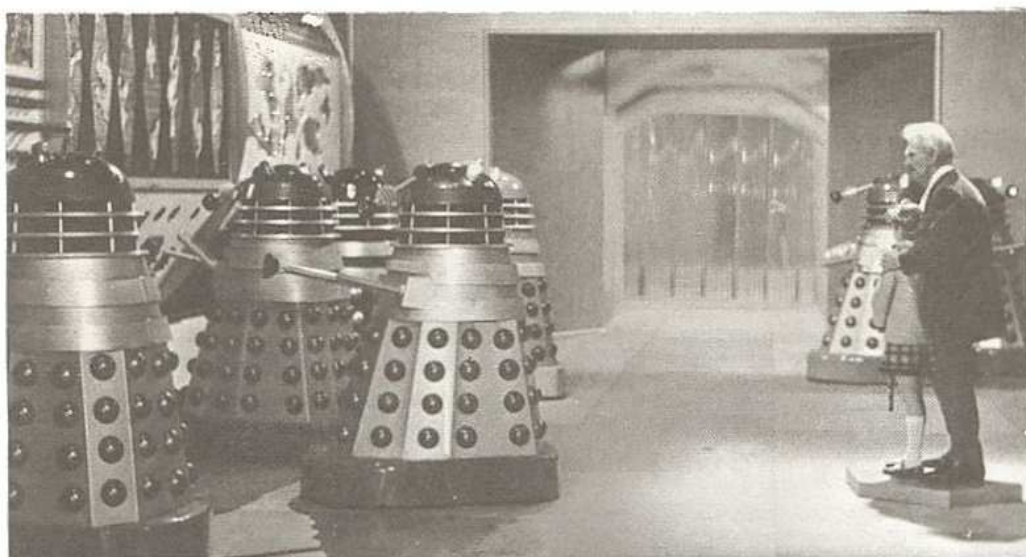
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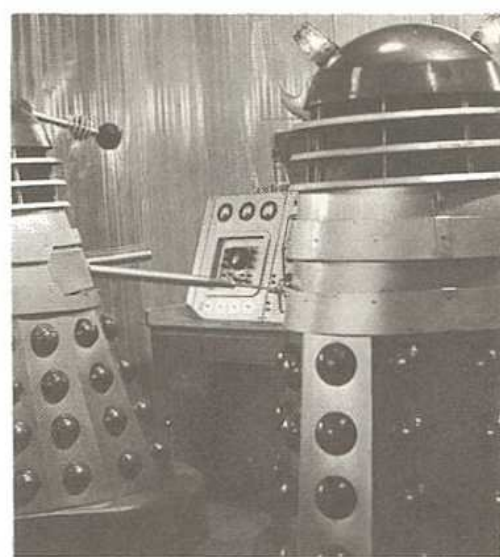
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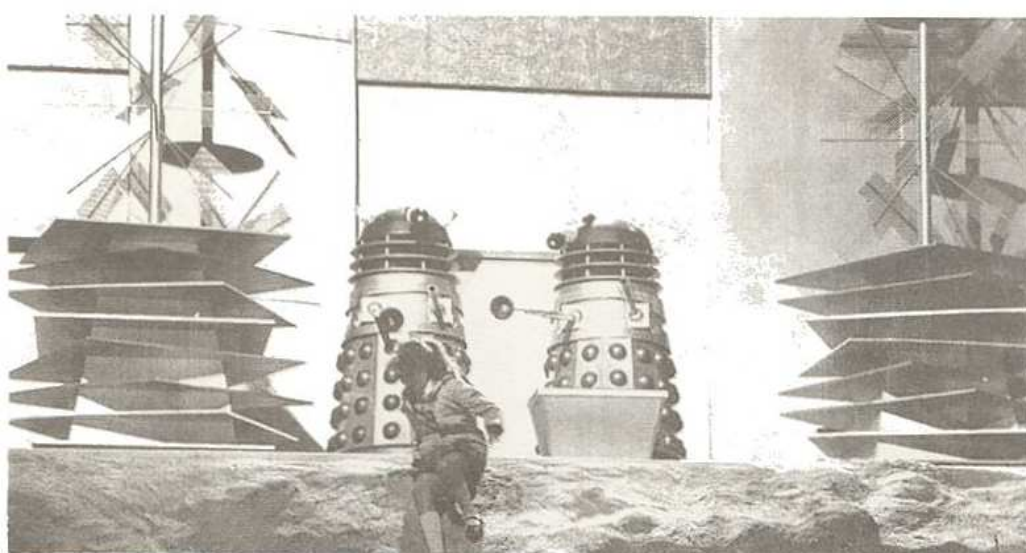
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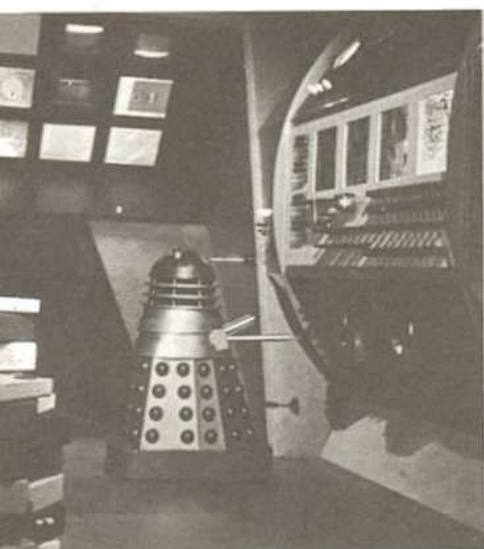
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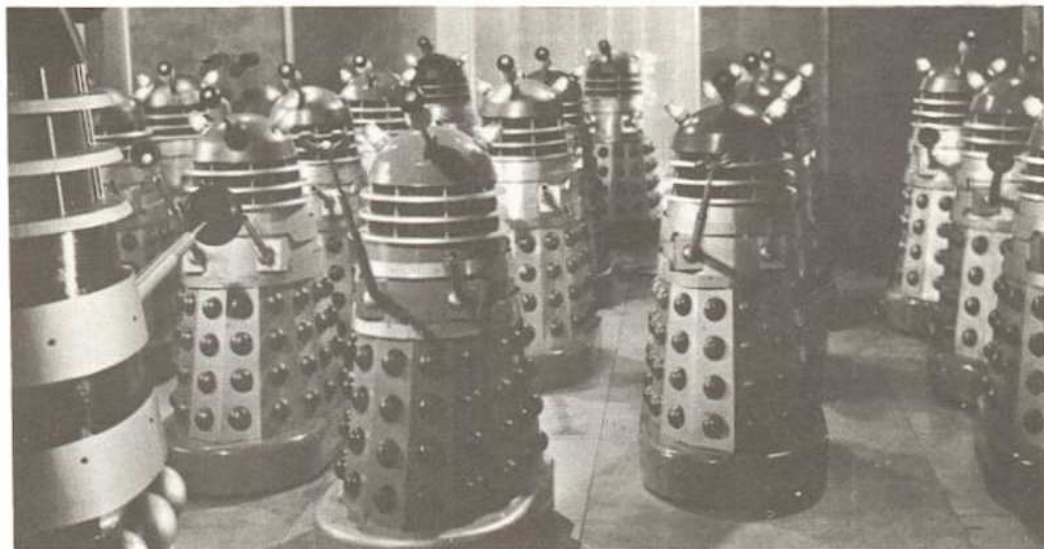
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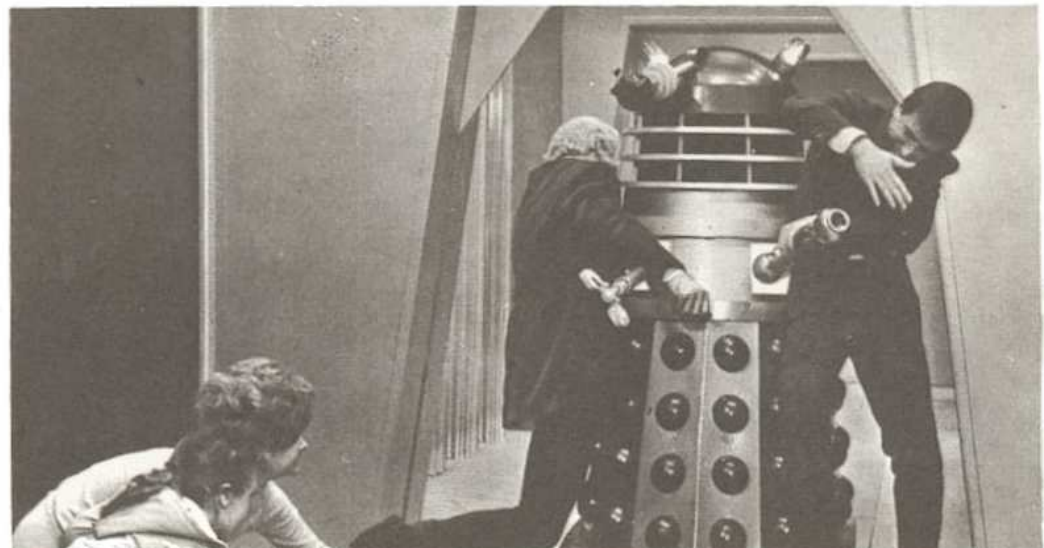
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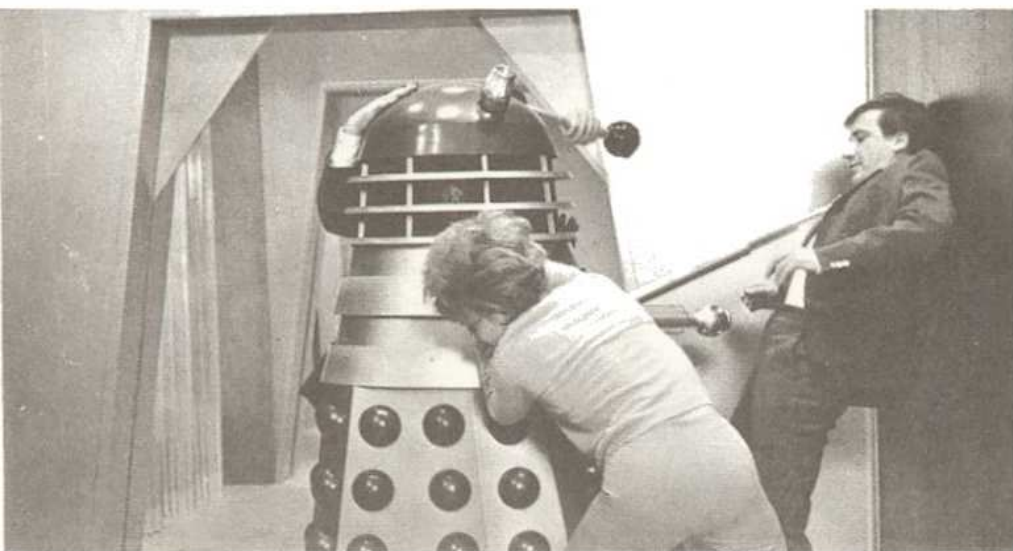
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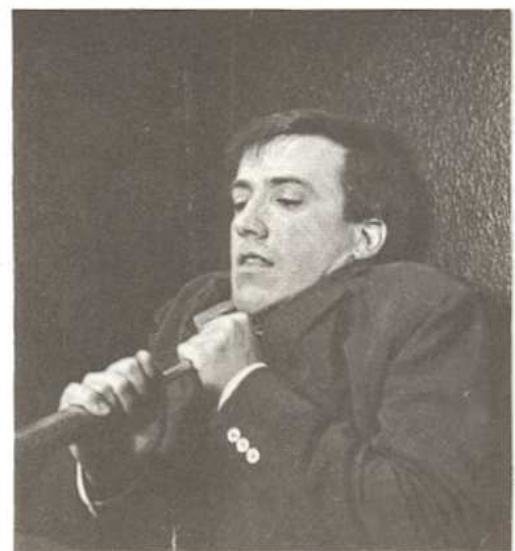
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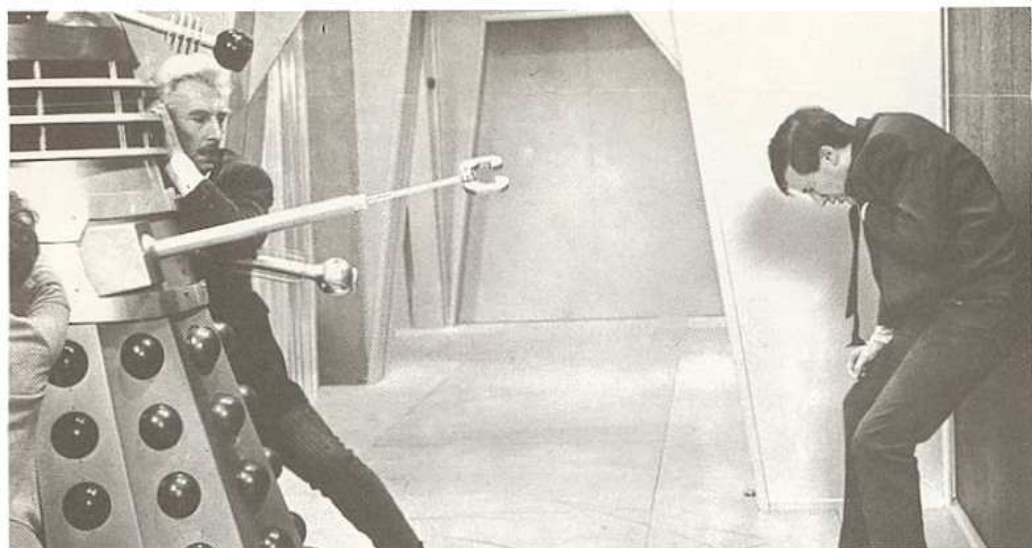
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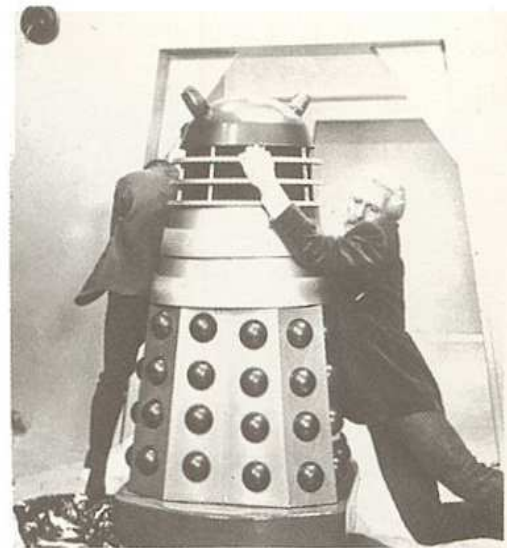
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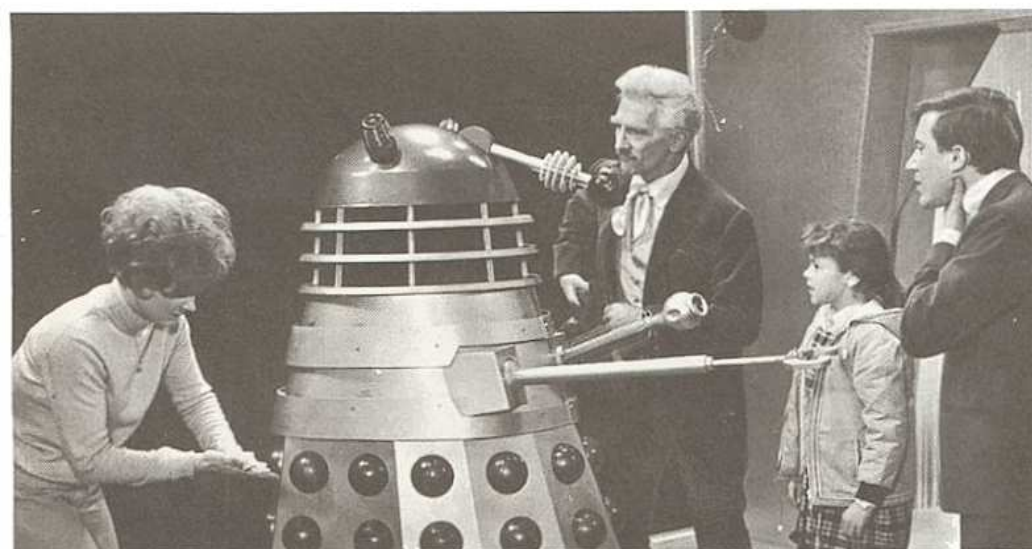
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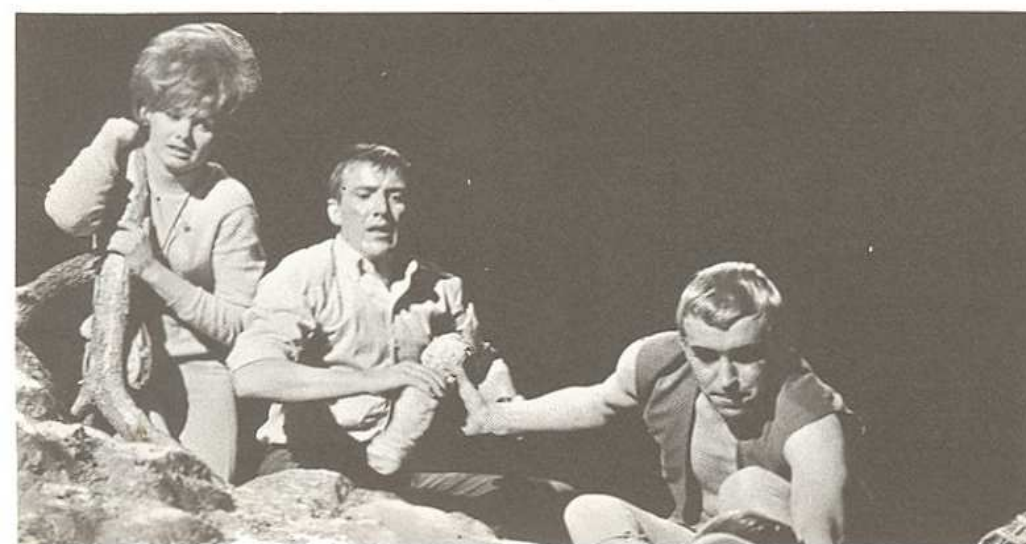
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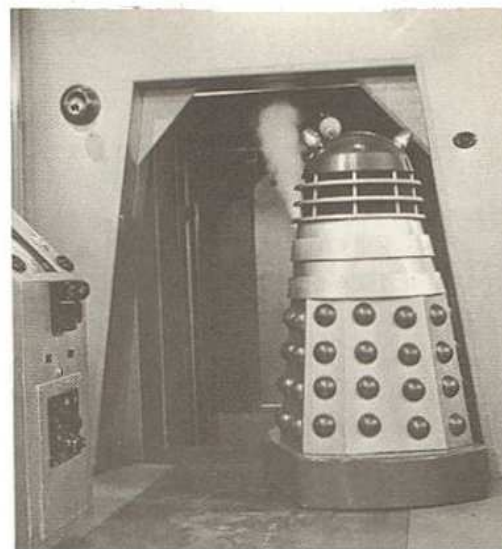
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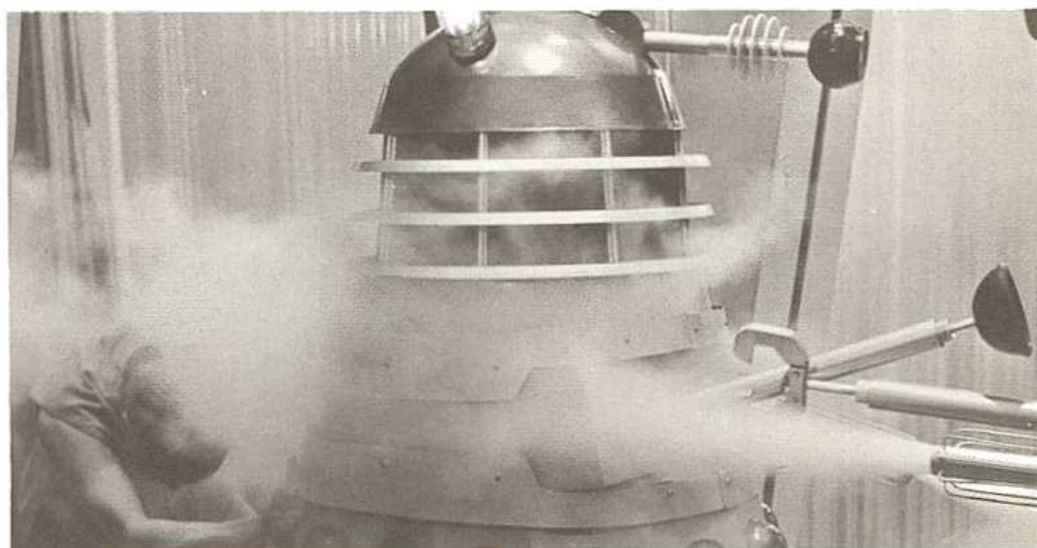
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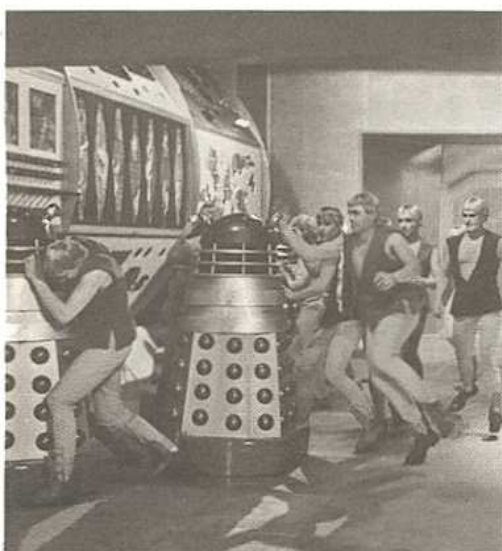
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THE FIVE-LEAF CLOVER

THE "Emerald Isle" was not the smartest atojet in space, nor was it, by any means, the newest. Two hundred years of travelling about the Universes had left their marks, in spite of innumerable coats of paint, new spare parts, and the loving care of its owners, the Kelly family.

In 2400 A.D. in the great Interplanetary Air Race, Old Mike Kelly had won the ship, for in those days the first prize went to the Spaceship Captain to take off from Earth, circle around Mars, Venus and Saturn, and return home again in the shortest possible time. Old Mike did it, landing just five minutes ahead of his nearest rival, the Australian ace, Roo Bannard.

After the ceremony, when Old Mike received the first prize, glittering, new "Emerald Isle" — the most modern spacecraft of its days — Roo

Bannard cornered the happy Irishman behind one of the launching bays.

"Kelly, you old rascal," he growled, "I was neck and neck with you over Saturn."

"Ah, you were, Roo, you were," sighed Old Mike. "And if I hadn't raced home like the Devil, you'd have had the beating of me."

Roo snorted with rage. "Raced home! I fell behind, you mean, because I was caught up in a sudden cloud of fog."

Old Mike shook his head sadly, in sympathy.

"Of course," said Roo, sarcastically, "you wouldn't have any idea where that fog came from so suddenly?"

Old Mike never told him about the fog maker he'd had fitted a few hours before the race started. The Kelly's were a cunning family and liked their little secrets.

And so, over the years that followed, father and son and uncle to nephew, handed in the Family ship, "Emerald Isle", each separate owner adding another page to the ship's log. Phelan Kelly ferried Martians on holiday cruises to Uranus and nearly started a Galactic war. Michael Kelly did a roaring trade in leather shoes between Earth and Pluto, even though the Plutoians have webbed feet, because he discovered that the people of Pluto enjoyed eating leather shoes, of all things! Sean Kelly bought the secret of water-breathing from the Neptunii for a shipful of flower bulbs, but the secret died with him when he tried to crash his way through a meteorite storm a light year from Venus.

Pat Kelly, the latest captain of the "Emerald Isle", flicked over a dozen well-worn switches, slammed a hand down on the faulty space scanner to clear its image, and let his atojet edge down towards Skaro.

"Pat Kelly," they had all said to him before take-off, "you're crazier than your father and twice as mad as our grandfather." Even Kathleen, his pretty, young wife, looked at him with her large blue eyes unusually serious, and said, "Pat, are you sure you can find a five-leaf clover field? Everybody says it's just a fairy story."

Pat smiled down at his wife. "The fairies are Irish too, aren't they, darlin' . . . and they wouldn't be lying to one of their own kind, now, would they?"

The "Emerald Isle" swooped down over the land surface of Skaro, its anti-gravity rockets firing unevenly into life. Pat pressed the worn-out buttons of his landing programme machine, waited while the atojet settled down bumpily on the waiting desert area he'd selected, then ran a hand through his mop of red-gold hair.

"Pat Kelly," he said into a cracked old mirror,

grinning at the broken image that stared back at him, "this is the big moment in your life. If anybody's got a field of five-leaf clovers, it'll be the Daleks."

He pulled on a handle shiny with the use of years, and the outside ramp groaned and squeaked as it slid to the sand. Pat pulled his crumpled spacejacket down a little to tidy himself, walked towards the open hatchway and stood, blinking in the bright light of Skaro's twin suns. A ring of Daleks surrounded the ship, gun-sticks poised ready to fire, each of them aimed at Pat's heart.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he cried cheerfully, waving a large hand, as if nothing was wrong at all, and walked down the ramp towards them. "If I could shake hands with everyone of you, I would, and that's the truth." He looked at the Dalek sucker sticks and grinned apologetically. "But I see that pleasure is denied me."

The Daleks swung their eye-sticks towards each other and then looked back at Pat Kelly curiously. This is a strange kind of Earth creature, they thought. Very confident. Perhaps he has brought a message for our Emperor.

"You will walk ahead of us," grated the nearest Dalek to the waiting Irishman.

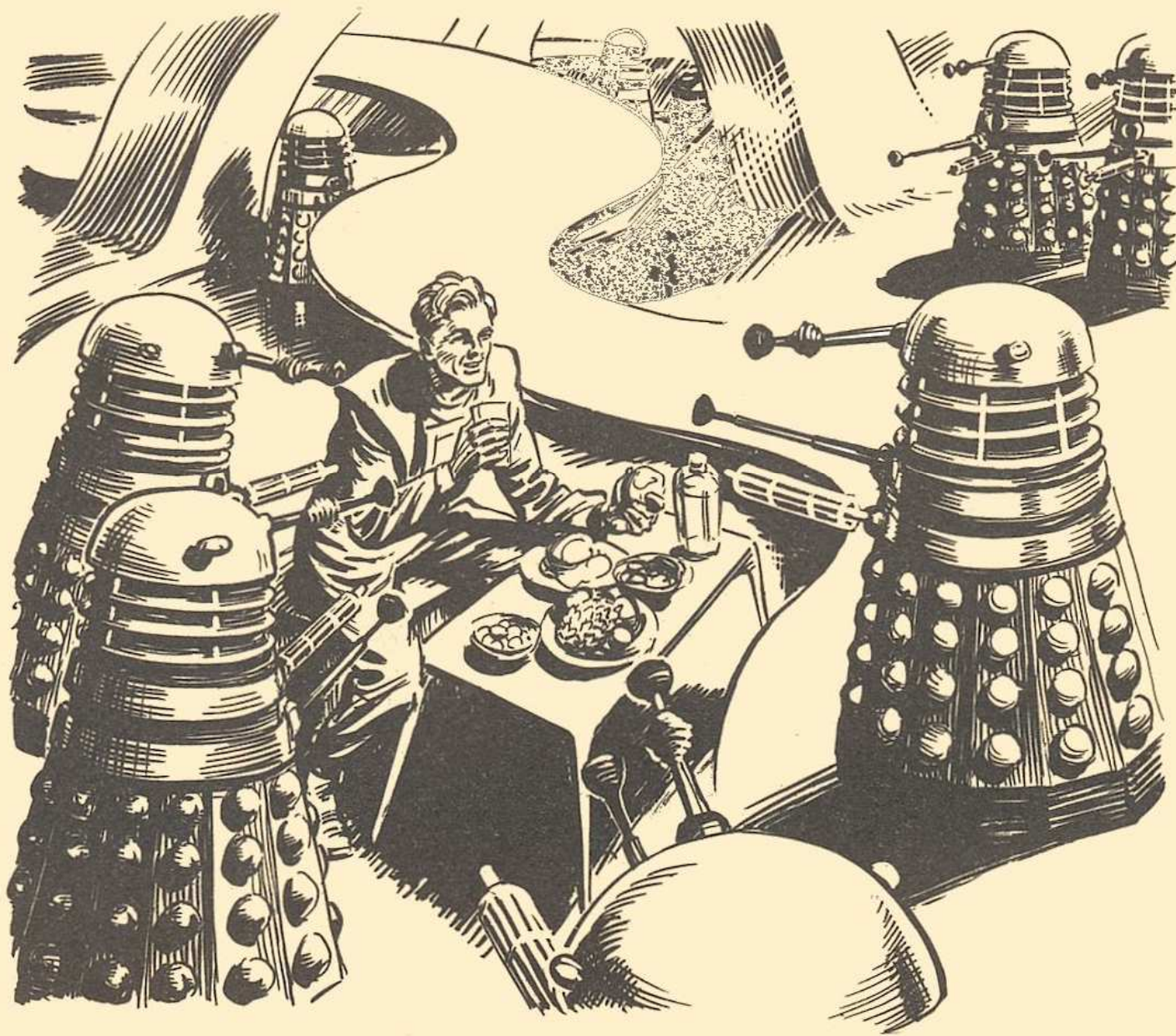
"Walking, is it?" Pat Kelly shouted with glee. "Across all those lovely warm miles of desert. Oh, how I love a good long walk."

"In that event," replied the Dalek unpleasantly, "you will ride. Place him on a hover-platform".

The Daleks urged the Irishman towards a hover-platform, so he climbed aboard it and made himself comfortable.

"What a pity," he sighed. "There's nothing I like better than a good, thirty-mile walk over the sand."

The Daleks and their prisoner sped over the desert towards the City, while Kelly sang and



"This is nothing but dreadful pain for me."

laughed and talked pleasantly to his captors as if they were his greatest friends. The Daleks simply couldn't understand it. Here they were, the terror of the skies, invaders of planets, usually expecting to strike a cold, chill fear into the hearts and minds of any creature or life-form they discovered, yet this red-haired giant of a human being sang strange songs and constantly made that curious, alien sound with his throat and

mouth which the Daleks had learned human beings called laughter. He didn't seem to be turning a hair.

The Daleks marched Pat Kelly into their main control building, down corridors of metal, up gigantic lifts at incredible speeds, and, all the while, the Irishman looked around him with pleasure and interest, praising this piece of structure, marvelling at another. Finally, they

brought him to the huge conference chamber, flanking him on either side until he came face to face with the golden Emperor of all the Daleks.

Their supreme leader ran his eye-stick over Pat Kelly.

"Whatever you do," said Pat urgently, "don't make me sit down. I've been travelling in my old spaceship for so long, all I want to do is stand for the rest of my life."

"Bring him something to sit upon," ordered the Emperor immediately. Daleks sped away, found a metal packing case, and made their victim sit on it. Kelly sighed.

"Very well, your Highness," he said reluctantly, "although it's pure agony, I'll do it because you force me to."

The Emperor surveyed him carefully.

"Your spaceship is old and you are unarmed. Furthermore, from your words, it is obvious to me that you are not very intelligent." Kelly stared at the Emperor without any attempt at concealing his admiration.

"Now that's what I call brilliant," he remarked in wonderment, "for I'm the dullest witted man who ever lived."

"You are not a messenger then, from Earth?"

Kelly shook his head sadly. "No, I'm not worth the talking to by such a grand person as yourself. And whatever you do," he added seriously, "don't offer me anything to eat or drink. I'm just not worth it, your Eminence, and besides I promised myself I'd never touch a drop or chew a morsel of food again."

"Nevertheless," intoned the Emperor, "you will be given food and drink and you will eat it in front of me."

Kelly's shoulders dropped in misery.

"It'll be a hard thing to get through," he said, and the Emperor was intrigued to see a real tear-

drop fall from Pat's cheek, "but I'll have to do it because I see I have no choice."

So the Irishman ate and drank whatever the Daleks put before him, and the Emperor watched the whole time.

"Ah, I've got to hand it to you," said Kelly, through a mouthful of hydroponic fruit, "you certainly know how to torture a man. This is nothing but dreadful pain for me," and he consumed the last little piece of fruit and drank the last drop of water with a sigh.

"Earthman," remarked the Emperor, "you have stumbled into our orbit and landed on our planet of Skaro by accident and . . ."

"Begging your pardon, your Magnificence," interrupted Kelly, as they took the metal plates and the aluminium water flask away from him, "but it was no accident. I came to Skaro deliberately, on purpose."

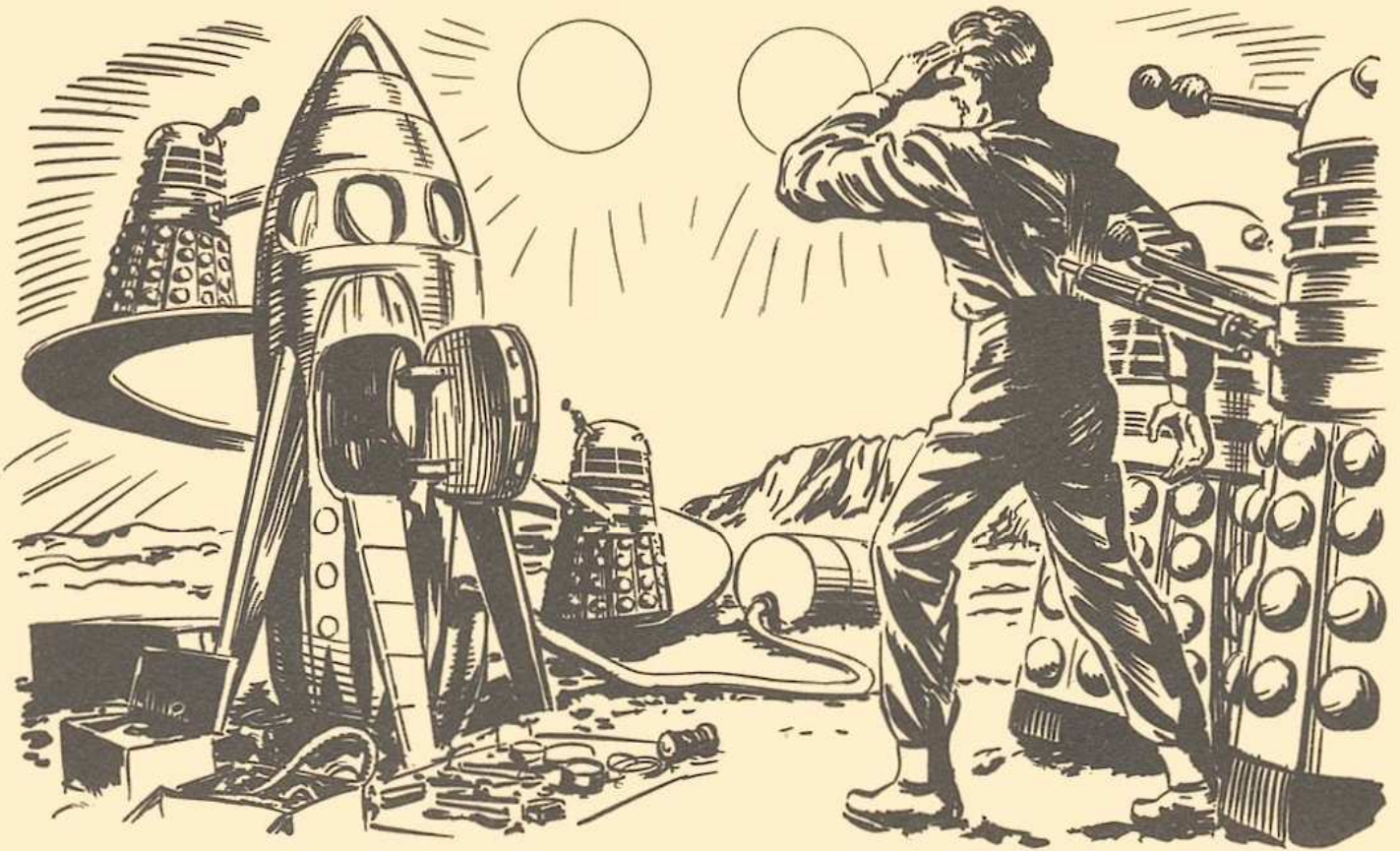
The Emperor's eye-stick ranged over the Irishman's body thoughtfully and there was a slight pause before the Dalek leader asked him to explain.

"I've come here," said Pat mournfully, "to die. Take me out into that lovely square of yours and let your people fire their guns at me. Or close me up in a cell, like the inside of my spaceship and forget all about me. I just don't want to live any longer."

The eye-stick regarded him carefully and there was quite a long pause.

"No," replied the Emperor, "you shall live. You are a strange type of Earth-creature, your mind is very simple and worthwhile studying. For all I know, Earth may be composed of many more like you and its conquest may be much easier than the Daleks have come to believe."

"Kill me," begged Kelly urgently, "do away with me. I'm not worth keeping around to roam



"Get into your spaceship and return to Earth."

about your city freely and admire all your marvels and inventions."

"You will live," repeated the Emperor, "and you *will* see the wonders of our city, and while you do, we shall watch you and study you and learn exactly how weak and simple-minded the people of Earth really are."

"It's going to be terribly miserable for me," admitted Pat with another sigh, "but I see I'm forced to do what you tell me, your Cleverness."

As days passed, the Daleks became accustomed to the giant, red-haired human wandering about. He was conducted through the Inventions Factory and the Weapon Shop; watched as the Daleks manoeuvred their spacecraft in the skies above Skaro; admired the defence systems and the Compressed Water Chamber. Finally, after several

days roaming around the Hydroponic Houses where the Daleks grow all their vegetation by artificial sunlight, he was brought before the Dalek Emperor again.

"Well, Earthman Kelly, you have seen our City and know a little of the power we have at our disposal. Do you imagine that Earth or any other planet can resist us?"

"Your Brilliance," replied Kelly humbly, "we haven't got a chance. Your ships are faster, your weapons stronger, your spirit higher."

The Emperor, who was getting used to Pat's way with words this time, made a mental note to re-examine the Dalek spacecraft, weapons, and morale, even if it meant putting back their attack plans by many months. The Emperor knew that the Irishman had very simple brain and that

whatever he said actually meant the opposite.

"But the finest thing you've got here," went on Kelly enthusiastically, as the Emperor weighed every word carefully, "is that field of little plants in the Hydroponic House. Now there's a real decoration for you."

"You refer to the little green plants with five leaves?"

"Yes," said Kelly, "I do. Clovers we call them on Earth. Now you should prize those little things very highly. They'll grow outside the Hydroponic Houses, you know. Why don't you spread the seeds and roots about and make your City a real place of beauty."

Shortly afterward when Pat had been ordered to eat one of the four meals a day, which he complained was a torture to him, the Emperor collected his council together and addressed them on the subject of their prisoner.

"We know a number of things about these Earth creatures who oppose us," he declared, "and this Earthman Kelly is a further example of their cunning. He was clearly sent to Skaro deliberately, and as he is full of praise for our inventions and weapons, I have ordered that all these be re-examined for weaknesses. Kelly," the Emperor said forcefully, "is an agent from Earth. Not a very good one, for I knew his motives from the beginning. First he hoped to starve to death, then later, he begged me to order his destruction. Why? Because, of course, he was afraid of the job he had to do."

The Emperor paused briefly, then continued . .

"Now I have discovered his plan. We have in our Hydroponic House Number Three, a small plant called a clover. Kelly admires it, and praises it. He advises us to let it grow in our City. I know his reason — the plant would grow quickly, ruin our metal roadways, strangle our machines. The

only way Kelly could know this is if the same thing had happened on Earth. Thus, Daleks, I have devised a manner of dealing with Kelly and showing Earth our contempt for its petty scheming."

Pat was conducted, showing visible signs of bewilderment, to his atojet. The Daleks had laboured over the "Emerald Isle," renewing each part, refuelling it, polishing and burnishing its metal so highly that its shine rivalled the twin suns gleaming in the sky above.

"Get into your spaceship and return to Earth," ordered the Daleks. "Tell Earth you have failed in your mission."

Pat looked about him. "How did you know?" he whispered. Daleks motioned him towards the waiting ship with their sucker sticks.

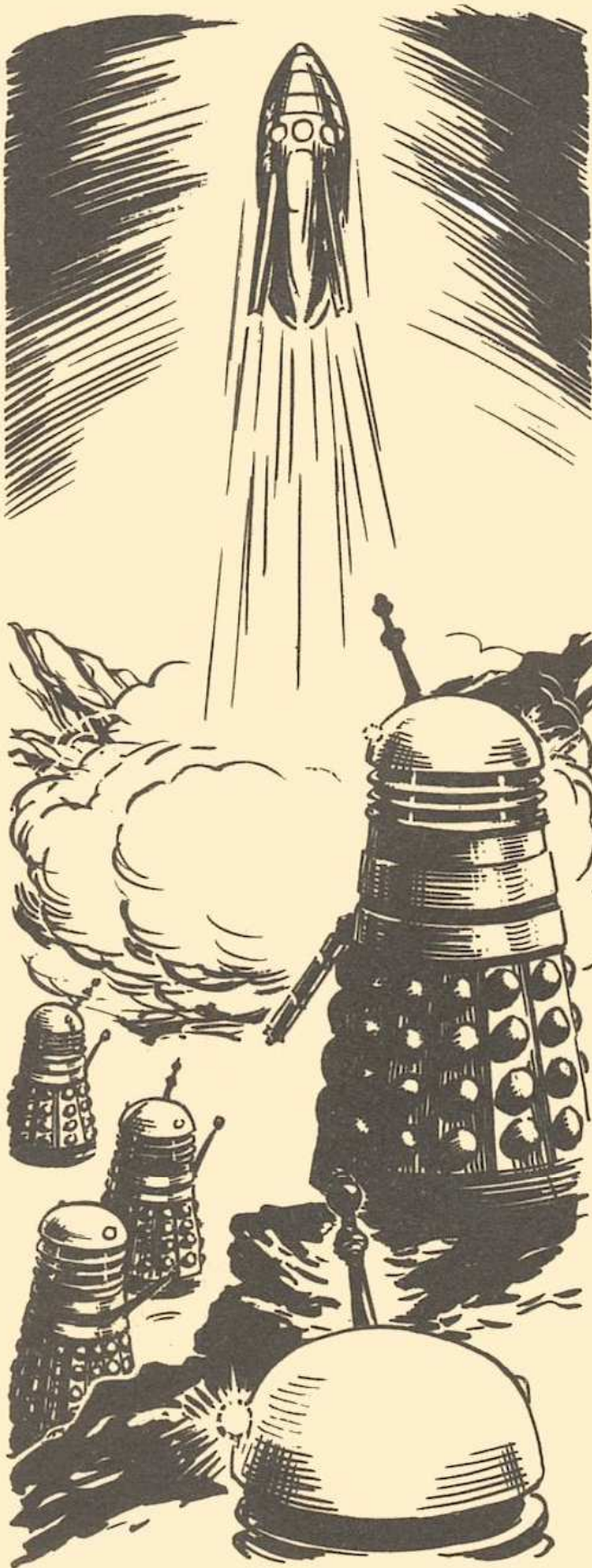
"And give earth the little plants we have packed into your storage compartments. The clover plants you admire so much."

"No," shouted Kelly, "Don't make me take them to Earth," but they forced him in to the ship, by remote control, activated the take-off. The "Emerald Isle" lifted smoothly off the Skaroian Desert to arrow gracefully into the stratosphere, leaving only the suspicion of a vapour trail in its wake.

Pat Kelly strolled into the Number One Storage Compartment, broke open one of the nearest packing cases and pulled out the first, beautifully formed five-leaf clover his fingers found.

"Pat, me boy," he said to himself, "I wouldn't go through all that again, not if the Venusians asked me for all the tea in China. Ah, but Kathleen and me can rest easy the long years ahead — will be the only people on Earth selling genuine five-leaf clovers."

On Skaro, the Emperor and his advisers clustered around the sonic transmitters, for the Daleks



had wired the "Emerald Isle" from top to bottom. The strange sound of the Irishman singing issued plainly through the receptor valves.

"... you home again, Kathleen. To where ..."

"He sounds almost ... as if he were ... happy," ventured one of the Daleks. Suddenly the Irishman's voice stopped and the Emperor moved his eye-stick over his advisers.

"Probably the last stages of insanity," he remarked.

Pat Kelly was indeed silent — he'd had another idea — what if he *could* sell all the tea in China to the Venusians?

And, as a matter of fact, he did!

THE DALEKREED

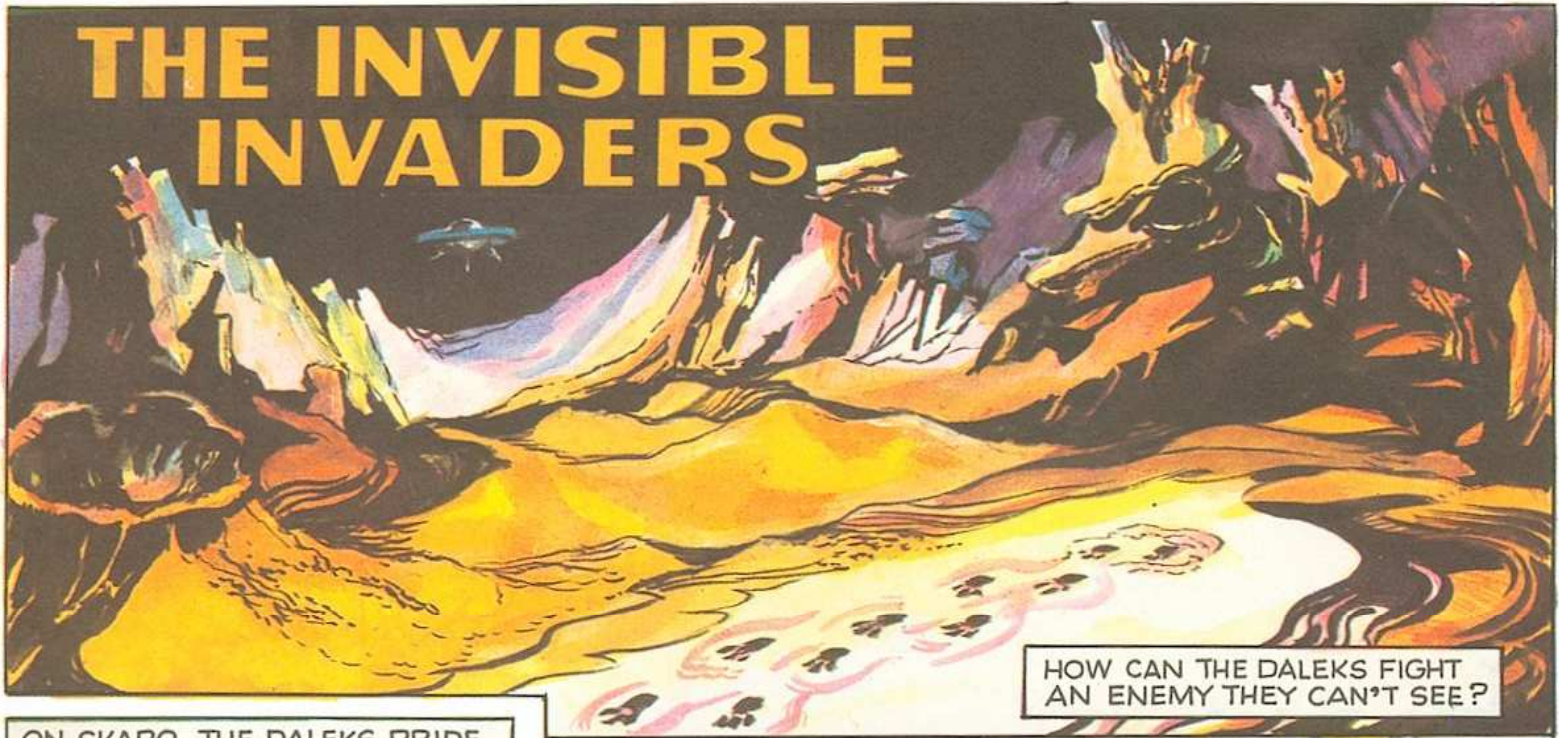
Below is a reproduction of an engraved Dalekenium plate, found near the wreckage of one of their spaceships. It makes clear the aims and beliefs of the Daleks, and should serve as a warning to the Governments of the Universe.

1. I believe that the Daleks are the supreme creatures of space and destined to rule the universe.
2. I will be proud and unhesitant in laying down my life to further the Dalek cause.
3. I will destroy without question all opposition to the furtherance of Dalek domination.
4. I believe that there is no power in the universe that the Daleks cannot overcome.
5. I will obey the commands of the supreme Dalek at all times, knowing he will lead us to ultimate victory.
6. I will succeed.

D	Destroy without pity.
A	Attack without fear.
L	Live without conscience.
E	Eliminate without worry.
K	Kill, kill, kill, kill.

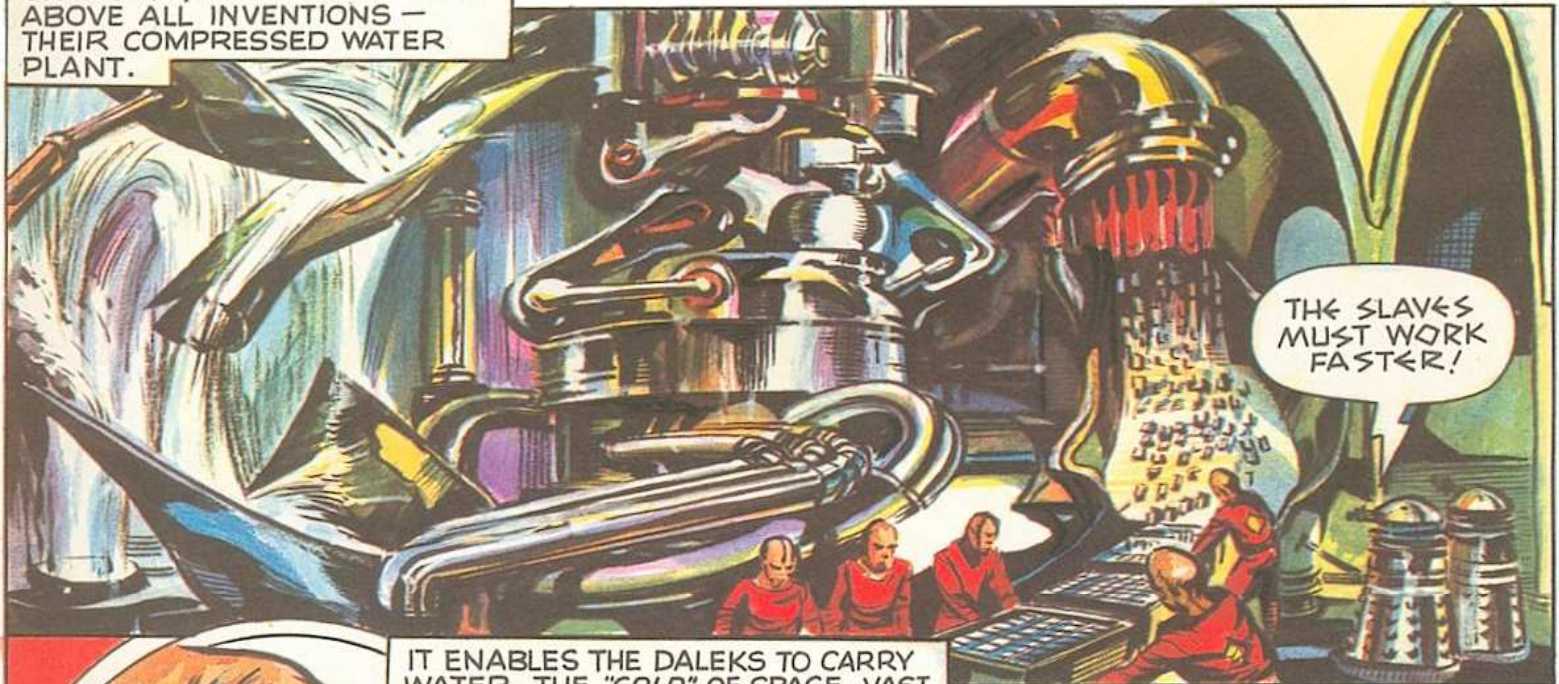
THE DALEKS ARE SUPREME!
THE DALEKS ARE SUPREME!
THE DALEKS ARE SUPREME!

THE INVISIBLE INVADERS

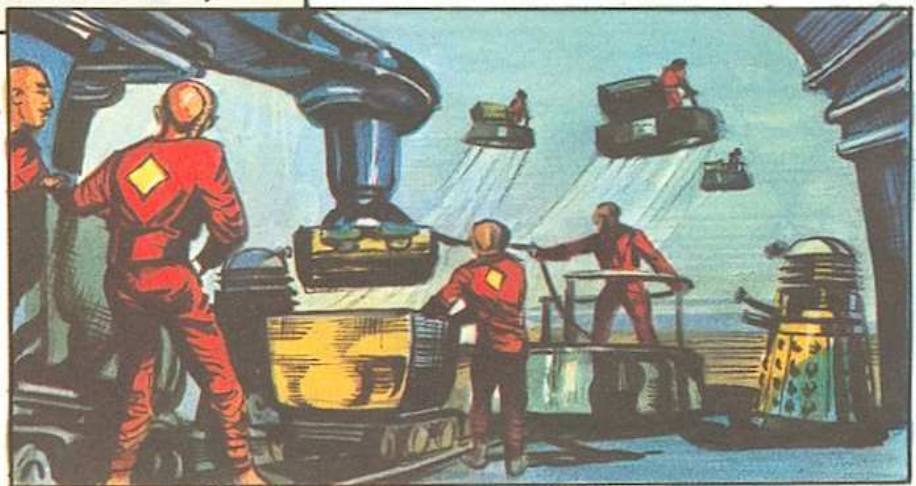


HOW CAN THE DALEKS FIGHT AN ENEMY THEY CAN'T SEE?

ON SKARO, THE DALEKS PRIDE ABOVE ALL INVENTIONS — THEIR COMPRESSED WATER PLANT.



IT ENABLES THE DALEKS TO CARRY WATER, THE "GOLD" OF SPACE, VAST DISTANCES ...





A NEW BLOW IS STRUCK!

ATTACK ON
LANDING FIELD!
EMERGENCY!
ENEMY NOT
SIGHTED!

THERE ARE
NO SLAVES
AT THE TAKE-OFF
FIELDS!

THE FIRE FIGHTING
CHEMICALS REVEAL...

AAARK!

ONE OF THE INVISIBLE
INVADERS IS CAPTURED.

BRING
THAT CREATURE
TO ME.
IMMEDIATELY!

INSIDE THEIR SPACESHIP,
THE INVADERS DISCARD
THEIR INVISIBILITY.

SO QURL
HAS BEEN
CAPTURED!

YES, YOUR
MAJESTY!



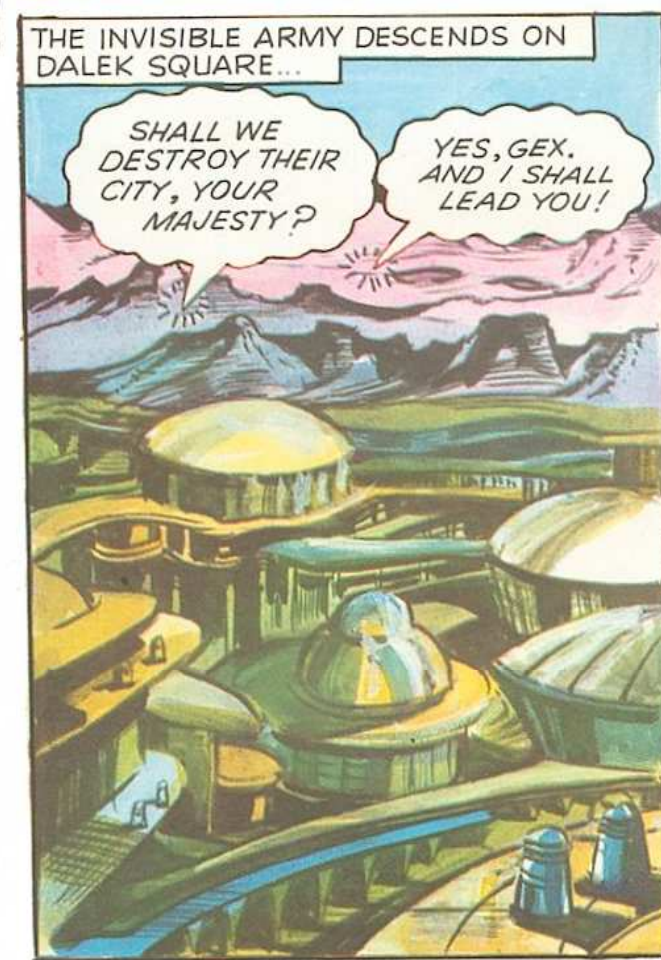
WE WILL KILL!
DESTROY! THESE
DALEKS AND THEIR
PLANET ARE A GOOD
TESTING GROUND
FOR THE ATTACK
WE WILL SOON
MAKE ON
EARTH!



PUT ON YOUR
INVISIBLE COVERS
THEN! SPRAY YOURSELVES
WELL. CRUSH EVERYTHING
AND EVERYONE YOU
SEE!



THE BIRDMEN STAND UNDER
THE INFRALUX RAYS - AND
VANISH...



THE INVISIBLE ARMY DESCENDS ON
DALEK SQUARE...

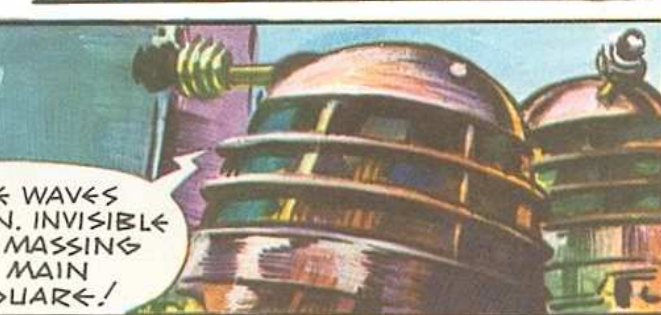
SHALL WE
DESTROY THEIR
CITY, YOUR
MAJESTY?

YES, GEX.
AND I SHALL
LEAD YOU!



BUT THE SOUND AND
SENSE RECORDERS
BETRAY THEIR ARRIVAL.

EMERGENCY!
SOUND WAVES
DISTURBED OVER
MAIN SQUARE!



SENSE WAVES
BROKEN. INVISIBLE
FORCES MASSING
OVER
SQUARE!



THE DALEKS FIGHT BACK - THEIR FIRE-FIGHTING CHEMICALS COUNTERACT THE INFRALUX RAYS - AND THE BIRDMEN BECOME VISIBLE.



THE DALEKS DID NOT REALISE THEY HAD DESTROYED AN ENEMY WHO MIGHT HAVE, BY THEMSELVES, CONQUERED EARTH.

THE SECRET OF INVISIBILITY DIED WITH THEM. A PITY. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A STRONG WEAPON AGAINST EARTH!

THE BATTLE IS SHORT-LIVED, AND THE INVISIBLE INVADERS ARE VANQUISHED.

DETAILS OF CERTAIN SECTIONS OF DALEK SPACE SHIP



12. RAD-ETHERIC MAGNISCOPE.

IN SIMPLE TERMS THIS IS AN ELECTRIC TELESCOPE THAT 'SEES' BY MEANS OF 'LIGHT IONS' IN THE ETHER. IT GIVES ENORMOUS MAGNIFICATION WHEN DIRECTED AT A PLANET OVER ONE MILLION MILES AWAY, AND FOCUSED CORRECTLY, THE DALEKS COULD READ THE SMALL PRINT ON THIS PAGE. YOU WILL SEE THAT THE IMAGE PICKED UP BY THE MAGNISCOPE IS PROJECTED ONTO A THREE-DIMENSIONAL SCREEN.

METAL STRESS DETECTORS.

THESE ARE SMALL ROBOT CREATURES NOT UNLIKE BEETLES. THEY ARE CONSTANTLY CRAWLING ALL OVER THE METAL SURFACES OF THE CRAFT. IN THEIR BASE IS BUILT A STRESS DETECTOR, AND THEIR ELECTRONIC MEMORY CELLS ARE PROGRAMMED TO KNOW WHAT TO LOOK FOR. IF THEY SHOULD 'CRAWL' OVER ANY SECTION OF METAL THAT IS WEAKENING THEY GIVE OFF A RED GLOW AND A HIGH-PITCHED WHINING SOUND.



27. NOUROMATIC MACHINES.

ON A PLANET CONQUERED BY THE DALEKS FOOD MAY BE IN SHORT SUPPLY FOR THE SURVIVORS. IF THE DALEKS WISH TO LET THESE SURVIVORS LIVE ON AS ROBOMEN, THEY MUST SUPPLY THEM WITH NOURISHING FOODS. THE NOUROMATIC MACHINES PRODUCE A TABLET WITH ALL THE ESSENTIAL VITAMINS CONTAINED IN IT. NOTE OUR AGENT HAS EATEN ONE OF THESE TABLETS AND REPORTS IT MOST UNPALATABLE BUT VERY SUSTAINING.



15. ROBOT REPRODUCER SECTION.

THE DALEKS SOMETIMES FIND IT ADVISABLE TO MANUFACTURE ROBOTS IN THE IDENTICAL IMAGE OF THEIR ENEMIES. A HUMANOID ROBOT LOOKING EXACTLY LIKE A MAN WAS ONCE DISCOVERED WORKING IN THE WAR OFFICE IN WHITEHALL. IT WORKS LIKE THIS: A PRISONER, SAY A HUMAN, IS MADE TO STAND IN FRONT OF THE REPRO-TRIMENSIONAL MIRROR. THE MIRROR IMAGE IS THEN CONVERTED INTO IMPULSES THAT OPERATE THE PLASTISIZER. THIS AUTOMATICALLY 'BUILDS' A MAN, THAT CONTAINS A MECHANICAL DALEK BRAIN TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES IT IS A MAN IN EVERY RESPECT. FROM ONE PRISONER THE DALEKS CAN REPRODUCE AS MANY EXACT COPIES AS THEY WISH.

26. HISTORICAL SURVEY SECTOR.

THE DALEKS TRY TO HAVE AVAILABLE EVERY SINGLE PIECE OF INFORMATION ABOUT A PLANET BEFORE THEY ATTACK IT. WHAT THE ENEMY LOOKS LIKE, WHAT HE THINKS, LIKES, DISLIKES, FEARS ETC. IT IS THE TASK OF THE HISTORICAL SURVEY SECTOR TO COLLECT AND COLLATE THIS INFORMATION AND FEED IT INTO THE MEMORY BANKS OF THE WAR COMPUTERS. HERE THEY ALSO KEEP A VAST FILE OF SPECIMENS AND PHOTOGRAPHS FROM EVERY PLANET THEY HAVE VISITED.



29. HALLUCITORY PROJECTOR/RECEIVER.

A STRANGE BUT EFFECTIVE WEAPON. IT CAN DETECT THOUGHT-WAVES FROM THE MIND OF AN ENEMY, AND PROJECT BACK AN ILLUSION OF THAT THOUGHT. FOR EXAMPLE: A FIELD COMMANDER THINKS 'I WISH I HAD ANOTHER FOUR HUNDRED MEN FOR THIS ATTACK'. THE PROJECTOR THEN CREATES AN ILLUSION (LIKE A MIRAGE) OF FOUR-HUNDRED SOLDIERS READY FOR BATTLE. THE FIELD COMMANDER THEN BELIEVES HIS STRENGTH IS GREATER THAN IT ACTUALLY IS, AND ATTACKS. IT IS NOT DIFFICULT TO SEE THE EVIL USES THIS WEAPON CAN BE PUT TO.



THE LOG OF THE “GYPSY JOE”

16th October, 2612.

My name is Captain Rod Marlow, Number E.M. 306 (Earthman) under direct orders from my superior, Meric Scrivener (E.N. 1) to make a sweepsurvey of the planet Esmera, in the 27th Galaxy. Esmera is beneath me now as I write, temptingly near at hand, about twelve miles away. Meric Scrivener had received a report that the Daleks had landed on Esmera and built several of their Interferer Beams to jam all radio waves on Earth and its surrounding allied planets. I was ordered to make my survey, destroy any Daleks I might come across, and break up the Interferer Beam equipment. I was supplied with a double load of the new Solidifuel to make the long journey and return to Earth.

The planet Esmera appeared on my scanner this morning at 600 hrs (Earth, New Greenwich Time) and one good sweep assured me that there were no Daleks anywhere within thirty light years. Beneath me, on a plain of grass about fifteen square miles in size, I could see six Interferer Beam Machines and I was about to lower out my forward Disintegrators, when I observed that the six Dalek machines were incomplete. Careful examination of my scanner screen showed me parts of the machines laid out carefully on the grassy plain, each one shining like a mirror in the strong sunlight.

I circled the planet again, activating my Ultra-Infra Spectrosight to doublecheck for evidence of Daleks, thinking that, perhaps, they had built themselves an underground shelter. The spectrosight proved convincingly that, as I had concluded earlier, there were no Daleks.

When I slowed the atojets over the plain, I nearly fell out of my control chair in astonishment. The six machines showed up clearly on the scanner — but now they were completely assembled!

Fumes are increasing. May just be able to reach the last hatch door and lock it.

Later.

Managed to lock the last hatch door but the fumes made me dizzy. I only just managed to drag myself back down the last corridor to the control room, where the air is still good. I obviously collapsed, for when I awoke the twin moons of Esmera were shining, making the room as bright as I could wish.

The story of how I am going to die is desperately important, so I must continue to write this log. I wish I could turn on the power and speak into the usual recorder. Of course, if I could do that, I could send out a wireless message and there might be a chance of rescue, but use of any sort of power is out, I'm afraid.

What happened was this. As soon as I saw the six Interferer beams had been assembled, I took "Gypsy Joe" up sharply, changing the landing programme to Crash Escape. This extra demand on the atojet supplies fractured fuel compartments. As I said earlier, I had been supplied with a double load of the new Solidifuel, which as you know, is packed into three-foot tubes, blunt at one end and sharply pointed at the other. The sudden change of direction from level flight to the upward thrust, plus the fracturing of the fuel compartments, forced the pointed ends of a thousand solidifuel tubes against the already weakened wall. I heard a noise behind me, in the rest of the ship, like a continuous roll of kettle-drums. The tubes were smashing their way to freedom, being thrown into every section and, exposed to air, were breaking open. I had no chance to collect even a dozen of the tubes. I locked the controls of "Gypsy Joe" so that it would hover about twelve miles above Esmera, and went to investigate. With the ship stationary, the

rattling noise made by the escaped tubes flying about stopped and they lay where they were on the floors or buried into walls and ceilings, each of them smoking and emitting fuel fumes. I didn't wait to try and collect them, put them back in the fuel compartments and seal off the fractures. I knew that was useless.

What worries me is that the fuel fumes are getting into the air conditioners and there's no way I can shut them off. I'm doomed to die here. I can already smell a difference in the air here, in my control room, and the last hatchway door has been locked. This could be the last time I write, so if this log of the "Gypsy Joe" is ever discovered, please have the lab-boys reinforce the fuel compartments against fracturing when space ships are forced to operate the Crash Escape Programme.

17th October.

I managed to get out of the Ship! I emptied all the water out of my water bag, until the floor of the control room was flooded with it, then dragged the bag over the air-machine, disconnected the feeder pipes and attached my rubber drinking tube of the water bag. In about five minutes, I had enough air in the bag for my purpose. I then wet a handkerchief with the water from the floor and tied it around my forehead to protect my eyes. I was ready to unbolt the hatchway doors. Using the air from the bag, which I inhaled by mouth and breathed out through my nose, I raced as quickly as I could to the Space Lifeboat compartment. I strapped myself into one of the little escape craft, tuned the programmer for the twelve mile descent to the planet, and pressed the driftaway button.

Later.

I made the journey on foot to the grassy plain where the Daleks had set up their machines.

Imagine my astonishment when I stood on the edge of the grassy plain and stared at the Machines. Once again, they had been partially dismantled! On the ground, all around the Interferers, lay those metal plates, gleaming in the sun, all out in perfect rows. The Machines themselves were, as the manual accurately describes, primarily constructed of diamond and ruby rods, plasti-glass machinery and casings. The metal sheets, each ten foot square, were the Beam Reflectors, normally attached at an angle on the back.

Suddenly I noticed movement over one of the plates. I crept as near as I could and, to my amazement, I watched the most extraordinary little machine gliding to and fro over one of the plates. For a while, I lay on the grass about thirty yards from the scene and then I realised what the little machine was doing. It was polishing the plate!

I stood up and walked towards it and immediately the machine stopped, turned and sped towards me over the grass. It travelled about two feet over the ground and was moving on the hovercraft principal. It stopped in front of me and settled slowly on the grass and I could hear a slight whirring sound coming from it. It was an Orbitus!

Of course, I had heard of the Orbitus before. The Daleks are always inventing gadgets to help them build their weapons and their cities and this one was, to all accounts, the most brilliant invention of all. Orbitonauto-Obedioslave, to give it its full name, has the last word in electronic brains 360-degree vision and a battery of armaments. It can travel in water, over land or on it, and has been known to burrow into earth to carry out an order. It is an admirable ally and a ferocious enemy, and it was this last thought which made me especially cautious. I searched desperately through my scant knowledge of the invention. All I could remember was that the Orbitus had been created to serve. It wasn't much but I had to hope it would be enough.

"We are displeased," I said sharply, taking my courage firmly in both hands. "You have disobeyed our orders."

The Orbitus moved rather uneasily, I thought, on the grass, as its internal calculators worked out the meaning of my words.

"Why are the Interferer Beams dismantled?" I went on, making the best of my advantage. Orbitus are not built with the powers of speech or direct communications, the Daleks obviously believing such things were not necessary for an invention whose sole purpose was to obey commands. But the little Orbitus soon proved its ability to make itself understood. Like a pet dog it moved a short distance towards the metal sheets, returned to rest in front of me, then moved towards the metal again. I followed the Orbitus as I was clearly meant to do, and crossed to the line of shining metal reflectors. The Orbitus stopped at each one, waiting for me to examine its highly polished surface. But when we came to the last two, I found they were duller than the others. The Orbitus floated on to one of the two remaining sheets and began to dart backwards and forwards over it, pressing down some sort of brush. I bent down and realised that dew must have collected on the metal.

"You were ordered to protect the Interferers against any attack?" I ventured. The Orbitus stopped polishing and moved off the metal, satisfied that I had understood its actions. After the Daleks had left Esmera, the Orbitus must have discovered the film of dew, afraid of rust damage, must have set itself the daily task of dismantling the plates, polishing them and re-assembling the machines again. I marvelled at the ingenuity of the tiny little machine, and immediately realised it could be of the utmost help to me.

"I have a new order for you," I commanded. "Reveal your programme section."

A small lid sprang open in the top of the Orbitus. I examined the interior and drew out a minute spool of tri-magnodian tape. With my thumb-nail, I erased the first part of the tape, which I knew would have been arranged as a basic law of obedience to the Daleks. With this out of the way, I knew I could make the Orbitus my ally. I replaced the tape quickly and stood up.

"You will obey human beings, and human beings only," I stated. There was a slight whirring inside as the new law was firmly embedded in place. I then ordered the Orbitus to remove any orders, but that one, from its tape. Again there was that slight whirring inside, then silence as the machine rested on the metal plate, waiting for any command I cared to give.

"Destroy those six machines," I directed.

The Orbitus sped away from me over the grass and, as it passed by each one of the Dalek Interferer Beams, a grey-green ray full of millions upon millions of infinitesimal electric sparks shot out from beneath it and powdered the machines on the grass into dust. In minutes, the little machine was resting in front of me, while I stood and stared at six smoking piles of ash — all that remained of the threat to the radio beams of Earth.

18th October

The "Gypsy Joe" is piercing through the ionosphere now, approaching Earth. The Space Lifeboat took me and the Orbitus up to my Ship. Fumes were all around the "Gypsy Joe", now, like a cloud. I darted in, holding a handkerchief to my mouth, opened a refuse port-hole, commanded the Orbitus to replace the solidifuel tubes and repair the fractured fuel containers. Then I steered the space lifeboat to safety.

About an hour later, I ventured towards my craft, inserted the lifeboat through the self-sealer entrance and peered cautiously about me. There wasn't a trace of fuel fumes anywhere. I walked towards the Fuel Compartment and found everything back neatly in place. The fractured wall had been beautifully repaired. I breathed a sigh of relief and found the Orbitus in the control room.

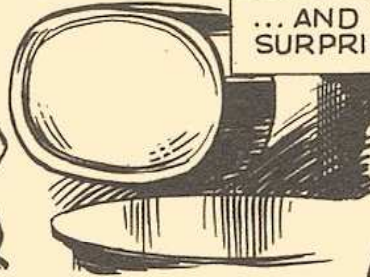
Later.

What a wonderful present I shall be able to give my son Roger when I land on Earth! I've told the Orbitus he is to be my young son's companion. I know it has absolutely no emotions at all, but I've got the most extraordinary feeling the Orbitus likes the idea!

THE ORBITUS



ON ROGER MARLOW'S ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY, HE HAD TWO WONDERFUL SURPRISES. FIRST, HIS FATHER, CAPTAIN ROD MARLOW, RETURNED UNEXPECTEDLY FROM HIS MISSION IN DEEP SPACE...



... AND THE SECOND SURPRISE ...



A VERY SPECIAL BIRTHDAY PRESENT...



WHAT IS IT ?
WHAT DOES IT
DO ?

AN ORBITUS!
AND IT CAN DO
ANYTHING YOU
WANT TO TEACH
IT! ANYTHING!

CAPT. MARLOW EXPLAINS THAT HE FOUND THE ORBITUS ON A PLANET RECENTLY ABANDONED BY THE DALEKS. THAT THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN WOULD TAKE, AND REMEMBER ORDERS, AND DO WHATEVER ITS OWNER COMMANDED. IN FACT, IT WAS THE PERFECT PET.



I'LL SHOW
YOU WHAT
I MEAN...
ORBITUS - FIND
AND BRING ME
MY SLIPPERS!



GOSH, THAT'S
WONDERFUL !

WHY DON'T YOU
TAKE IT UP TO YOUR
ROOM AND TRY IT
OUT !



DO MY
HOMEWORK!

CLEAN
MY
SHOES!

THE ORBITUS'S 'PHOTOMATIC
MEMORY CELLS' CONTAIN
ALL THE KNOWLEDGE IN
THE WORLD!

THE ORBITUS'S SONIC
DIFFUSER BEAM DISPERSES
MUD AND DIRT, AND LEAVES
THE SHOES GLEAMING.

PLAY ME
A GAME OF
DRAUGHTS!

TELL ME
A STORY!

THE ORBITUS'S 'GEOMATH' CALCULATOR
BRAIN CELLS ANALYSE ROGER'S EVERY
MOVE AND COUNTERACT IT. THE
ORBITUS IS UNBEATABLE.

THE ORBITUS'S 'SENSOR
RECEIVER' PICKS UP THE LIGHT
WAVES FROM THE PROJECTOR
AT THE LOCAL CINEMA, AND
SHOWS THE FILM ON THE
BEDROOM WALL. ROGER IS
DELIGHTED... NO MORE PAYING
TO GO INTO THE MOVIES...

USING ITS ANTI-GRAV PROPULSOR, THE ORBITUS IS ABLE TO CARRY ROGER TO SCHOOL AT HIGH SPEED.

... BUT HE IS SEEN BY KARSOFF AND SHEER - NOTORIOUS SPACE GANGSTERS, WANTED BY POLICE COMMANDS ALL OVER THE UNIVERSE.

AN ORBITUS! IT MUST BE THE ONLY ONE OUTSIDE OF SKARO!

IF WE HAD THAT, WE COULD ROB THE INTERPLANETARY BANK WITH NO TROUBLE AT ALL!

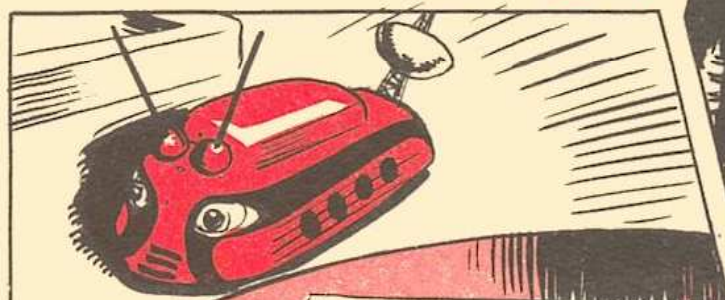
I WILL NOT HAVE MY CLASS DISRUPTED IN THIS WAY. ROGER MARLOW, GET RID OF THAT AT ONCE!

YOU GO ON HOME AND WAIT FOR ME. I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT!

WHEN SCHOOL CAME OUT, ROGER WAS IN A HURRY TO GET HOME TO SEE THE ORBITUS...



BUT AS ROGER ROUNDED THE CORNER...

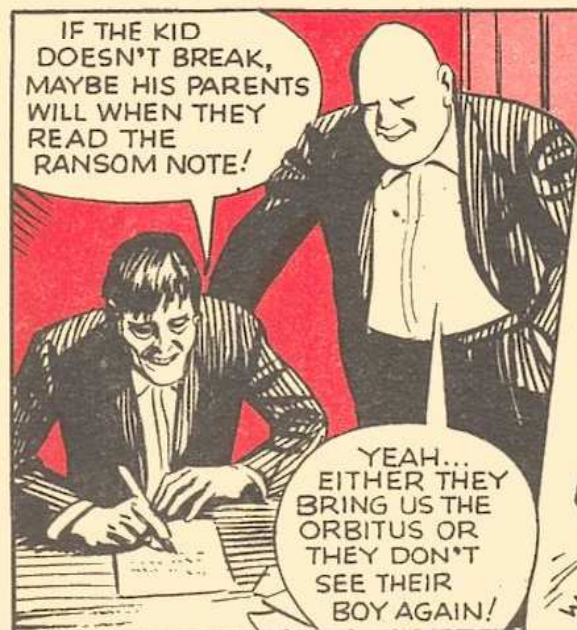


Dear Roger
Uncle David has been
taken ill and we've gone
to see him. We should
be back by midnight
Love Mummy

IT LOOKS LIKE ROGER'S NOT
GOING TO BE MISSED FOR
SOME TIME.



IF THE KID
DOESN'T BREAK,
MAYBE HIS PARENTS
WILL WHEN THEY
READ THE
RANSOM NOTE!



YEAH...
EITHER THEY
BRING US THE
ORBITUS OR
THEY DON'T
SEE THEIR
BOY AGAIN!

MEANWHILE, THE
ORBITUS'S SENSOR
SYSTEMS ARE ACTIVE.
THEY DETECT THEIR
IS SOMETHING
WRONG, BUT THEY
CANNOT TELL WHAT
IT IS...



THE RANSOM NOTE IS DELIVERED.



USING ITS PENETRATOR X-RAYS, THE ORBITUS SCANS THE LETTER THROUGH THE ENVELOPE. IT DECIDES TO ACT...

BRING THE ORBITUS TO THE DESERTED WAREHOUSE OR YOU'LL NEVER SEE YOUR SON AGAIN!



THE ORBITUS FOLLOWS THE CROOKS' CAR...

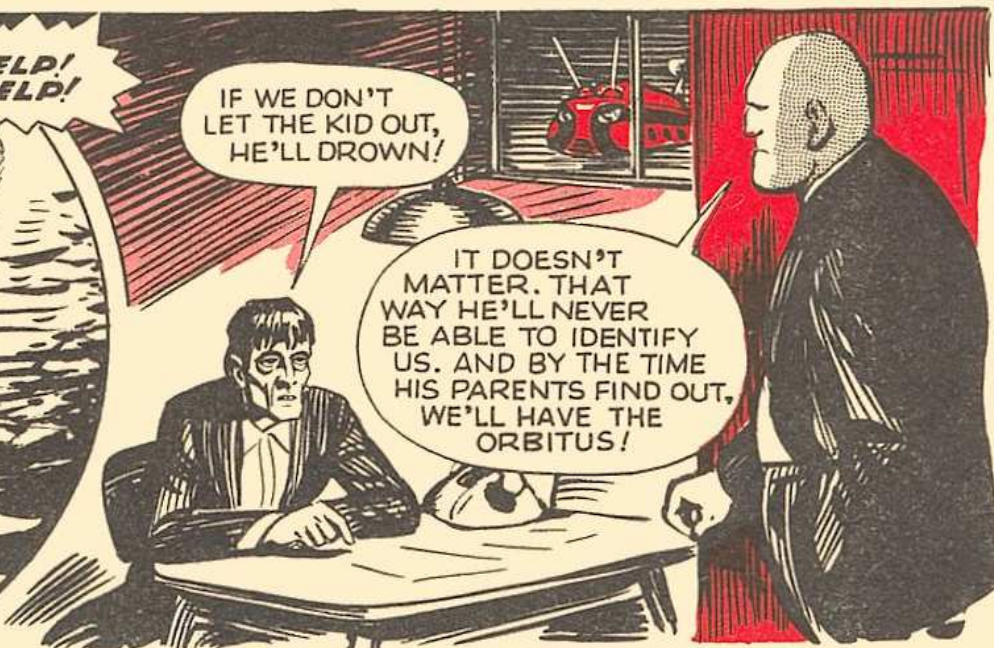
THE CELLAR, WHICH IS NEAR THE RIVER, STARTS TO FILL WITH WATER AS THE TIDE RISES.



HELP!
HELP!

IF WE DON'T LET THE KID OUT, HE'LL DROWN!

IT DOESN'T MATTER. THAT WAY HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY US. AND BY THE TIME HIS PARENTS FIND OUT, WE'LL HAVE THE ORBITUS!



HAVING HEARD KARSOFF'S WORDS, THE ORBITUS REASONS THAT THERE MUST BE A WAY INTO THE CELLAR BENEATH THE RIVER.



THE ORBITUS EXPLORES UNDERWATER AND DISCOVERS THE INLET TO THE CELLAR, BUT FINDS HIS WAY BLOCKED BY STEEL BARS...



BUT THE ORBITUS ISN'T HERE... WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

I'M GOING TO THE WAREHOUSE. YOU CALL THE POLICE!



IF THE WATER RISES ANOTHER TWO INCHES I'M FINISHED!

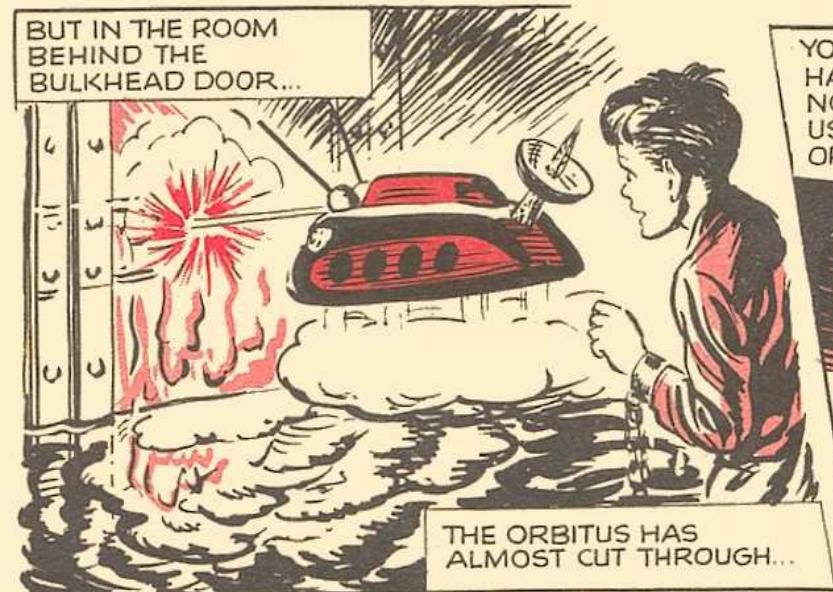
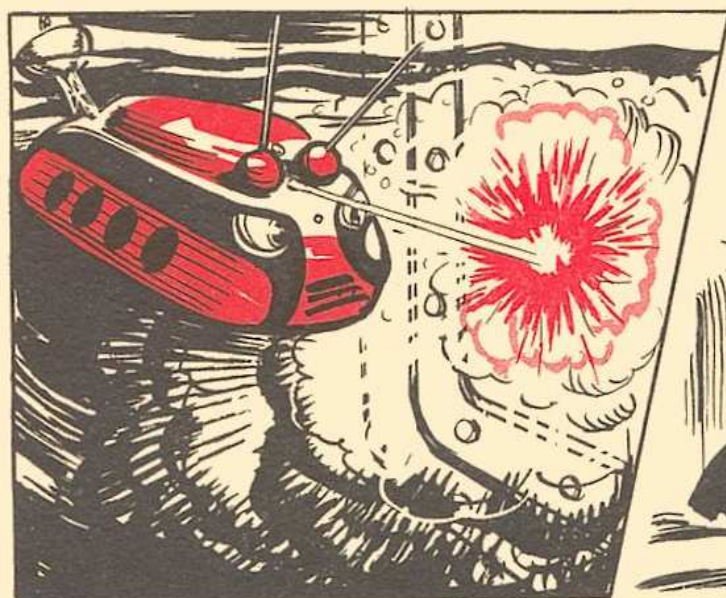
THE ORBITUS USES ITS METRON DISEMENATOR BEAM TO BURN THROUGH THE METAL BARS.

ORBITUS!

IN A FEW HOURS THE ORBITUS WILL BE OURS. THEN, THERE WON'T BE A BANK IN THE UNIVERSE THAT WE CAN'T CRACK!

SURE... AND NO RISKS. WE JUST ORDER THE ORBITUS TO GO OUT AND DO THE JOB FOR US. WE'LL BE THE RICHEST MEN IN THE WORLD!

ROGER FOLLOWS THE ORBITUS WHO EMITS A BUBBLE OF AIR AROUND THE BOY'S HEAD, ALLOWING HIM TO BREATHE UNDERWATER.

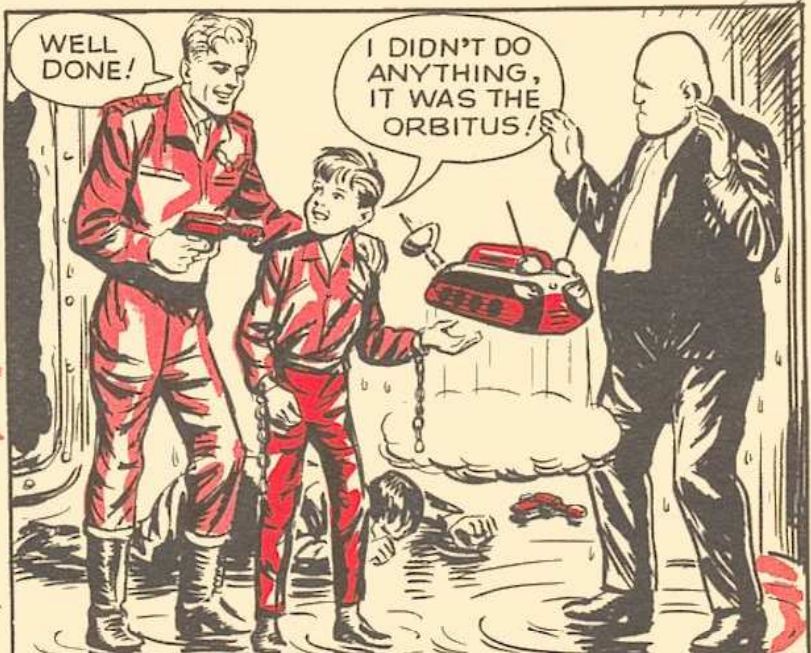


THE TREMENDOUS PRESSURE OF THE WATER BEHIND THE WEAKENED DOOR...



WELL DONE!

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, IT WAS THE ORBITUS!



BUT KARSOFF IS NOT FINISHED YET...



BUT KARSOFF HAS RECKONED WITHOUT THE ORBITUS'S 360 DEGREE VISION.



ROGER'S MOTHER ARRIVES WITH THE POLICE.



I DON'T THINK THEY'LL TROUBLE ANYONE AGAIN FOR A LONG TIME... AND YOU'LL RECEIVE REWARDS FROM GRATEFUL BANKS ALL OVER THE UNIVERSE!



ROGER MADE SURE THE REWARD MONEY WAS USED FOR GOOD PURPOSES. HE DIDN'T WANT ANY OF IT... HE ALREADY HAD HIS REWARD. THE BEST FRIEND ANY BOY COULD HAVE, **AN ORBITUS!**



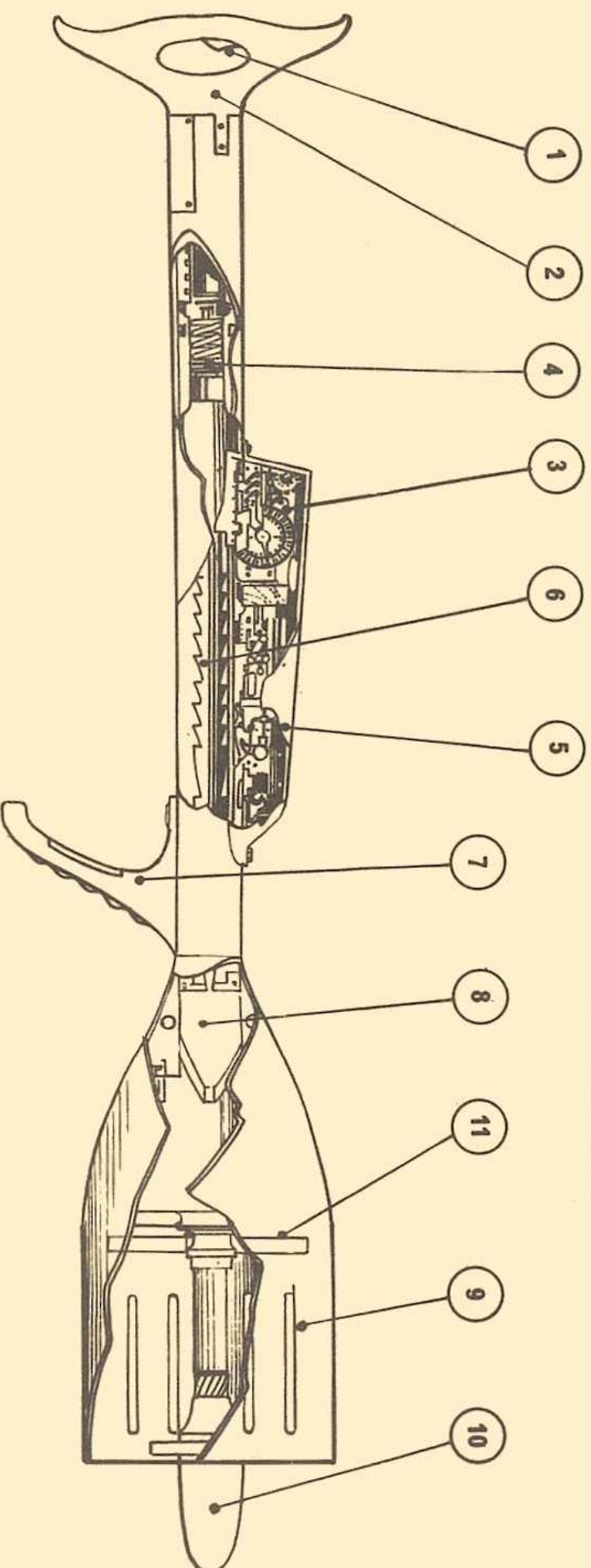
ANTI-DALEK WEAPONS

SPONSORED AND MANUFACTURED BY THE VENUSIAN MINISTRY OF DEFENCE

SECURITY RATING A.A.A.

HAND WEAPON 05571A. METAL FATIGUE INDUCER

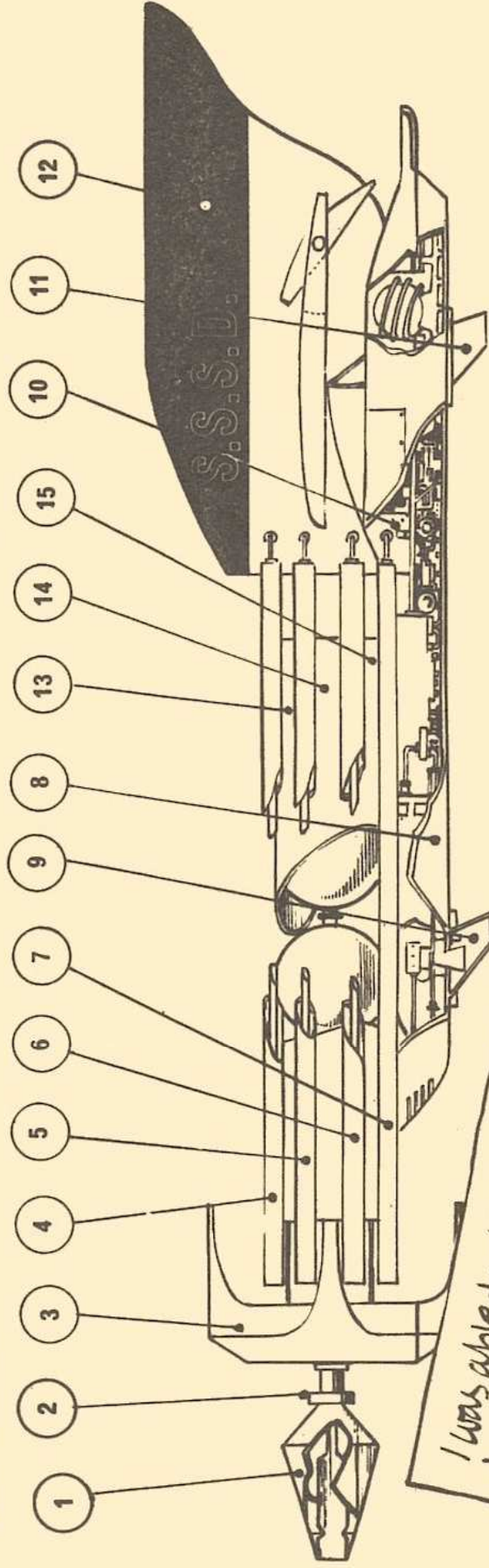
DESCRIPTION. THE PENETRON RAYS FIRED BY THIS WEAPON, WILL, AT SHORT RANGE, RANDOMIZE THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF DALEKENIUM. THIS INDUCES WEAKNESS IN THE DALEK'S OUTER CASING THAT CAN THEN BE PENETRATED BY MORE CONVENTIONAL MISSILES.



BLAST-PROPELLED, SELF-SEEKING, SILICA DESTRUCTOR. (PROTOTYPE)

THE SILICA DESTRUCTOR IS DESIGNED TO DESTROY THE GLASS LENS OF THE DALEK'S VISION FINDER, THUS RENDERING IT BLIND. IT DELIVERS A BLAST OF SUPER-HEATED SILICA (MOLTEN GLASS) WHICH ATTACHES TO ANY OTHER GLASS SURFACE, INSTANTLY COOLING, AND MAKING THE ORIGINAL SURFACE OPAQUE.

- 1 LIQUISPRAY MUZZLE.
- 2 LIQUISILICA CONCENTRATOR.
- 3 SUPER-HEATED SILICA CHARGE.
- 4, 5, 6, 7 NEUTRON RODS. HEATING TO A SUN HEAT 'INSTANT'.
- 8 SELF-SEEKING COMPUTERS. MINIATURIZED.
- 9 BLAST PROPELLER, MULTI-DIRECTIONAL AND LINKED TO 8.
- 10 MICRO-ATOM POWER SOURCE.
- 11 LIFT BLASTER.
- 12 STABILIZING FINS FOR FLIGHT.
- 13, 14, 15 CRUDE SILICA CONTAINER.



I was able to obtain these drawings from the Top Secret Venusian research lab. Suggest Earth starts manufacture of these weapons immediately
UNISPACE AGENT: EMZ.

VENUSIAN GOVERNMENT RESEARCH DEPT. SPACE A
CODE INDEX 177/AM/4B/TN/66 AAA
PROJECT. SPACEMASTER. (ANTI-DALEK WEAPONRY).
PRIORITY SYMBOL OOK.
997. 1 AM/3/3/OOK/177/AM/4B/TN.66. AAA
PRODUCTION NO : 4440177

STRANGE TO TELL

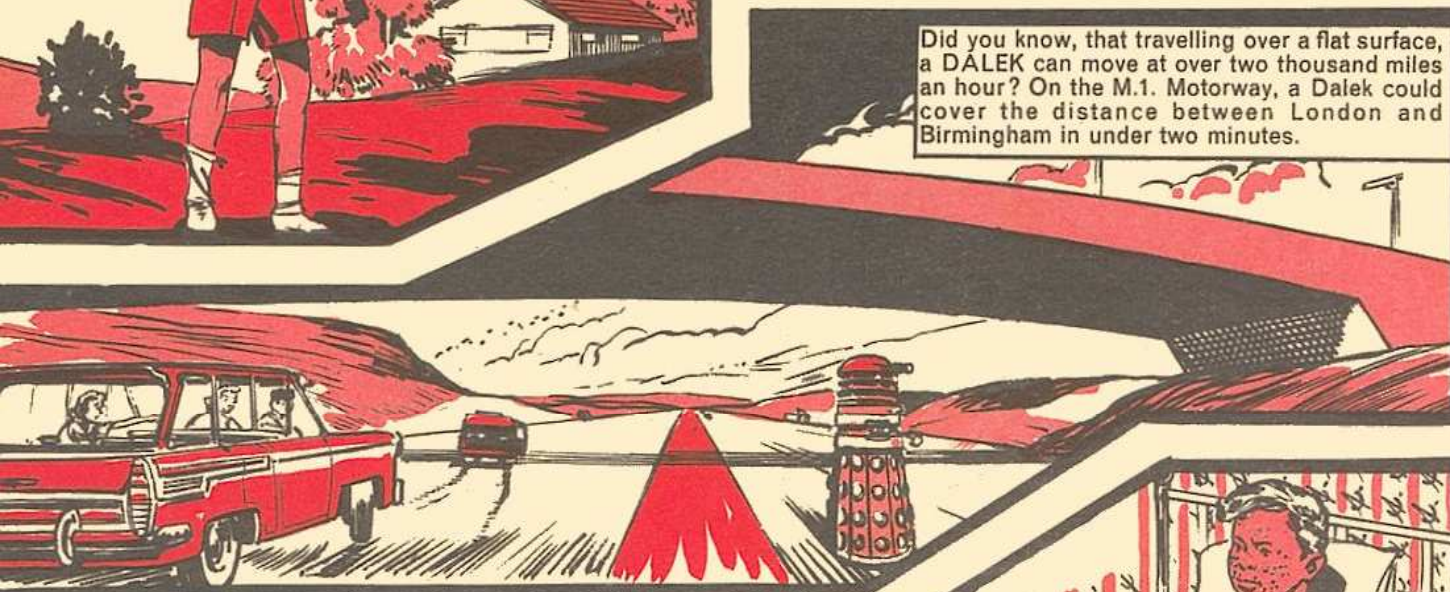
Did you know, because of the lightness of the metal, a DALEK weighs only two and a half Earth pounds?



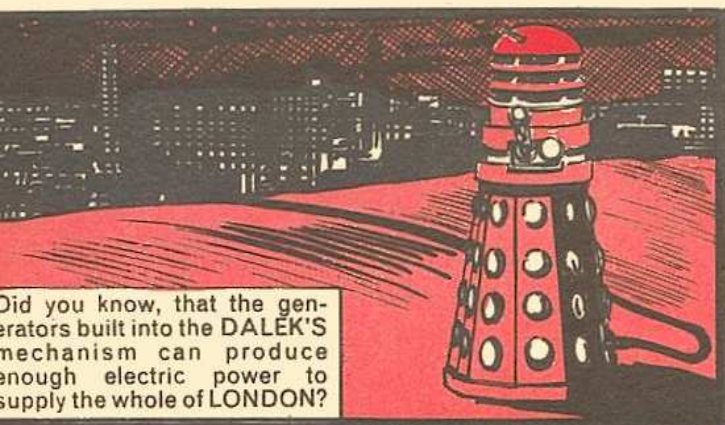
Did you know, that in the year 2000 B.C. a DALEK spacecraft crashed in the country we now know as Egypt? The terrified people of that land erected a vast monument to mark the spot. It still exists to this day, and is known as the Great Pyramid of Ghiza.



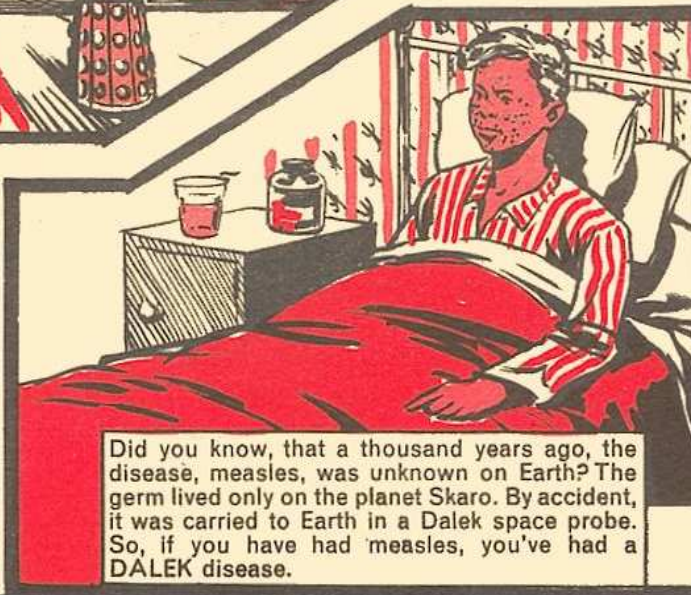
Did you know, that travelling over a flat surface, a DALEK can move at over two thousand miles an hour? On the M.1. Motorway, a Dalek could cover the distance between London and Birmingham in under two minutes.



Did you know, that the generators built into the DALEK'S mechanism can produce enough electric power to supply the whole of LONDON?



Did you know, that a thousand years ago, the disease, measles, was unknown on Earth? The germ lived only on the planet Skaro. By accident, it was carried to Earth in a Dalek space probe. So, if you have had measles, you've had a DALEK disease.

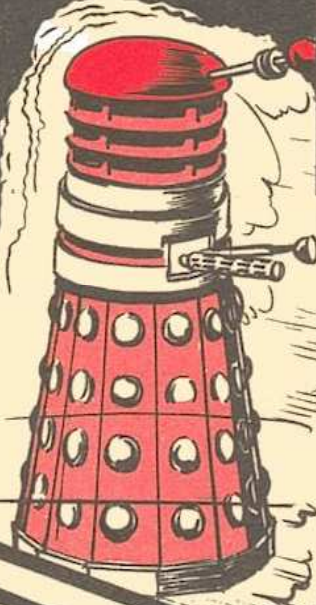


ACCORDING TO THE DALEKS

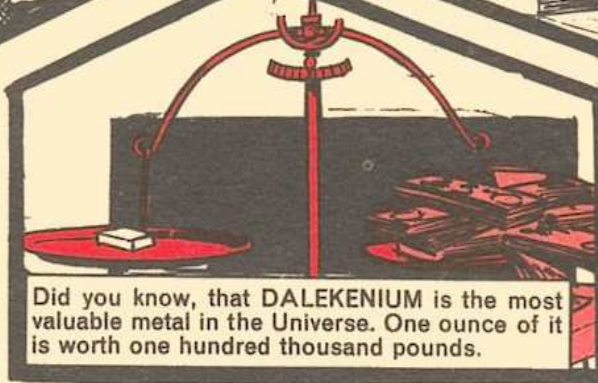
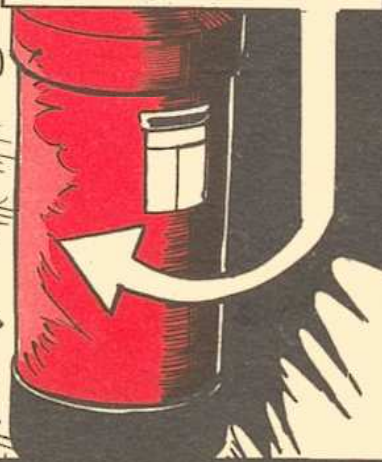


Did you know, that the DALEKS make humanoid robots to act as spies on Earth? They are so perfect that only a medical examination can show the difference. So, be careful. Your best friend might be a DALEK robot spy.

Did you know, that the famous YETI or as they're sometimes called, The Abominable Snowman, are actually DALEKS? In the year 141, a DALEK saucer crashed in the Himalayas. Finding it difficult to travel over ice and snow, the DALEKS crawled out of their casing, and discovered, that because of the rarified atmosphere and sub-zero temperatures, they were able to survive. They still exist there to this day.



Did you know, that the colour 'Red' is unknown on the planet Skaro? The DALEK sees through a colour-corrected electronic eye. When it was constructed, 'Red' was not included in its perception range. Thus, anything totally red is invisible to the DALEKS.



Did you know, that DALEKENIUM is the most valuable metal in the Universe. One ounce of it is worth one hundred thousand pounds.



Did you know, that a DALEK never sleeps? Unlike the human brain, the DALEKS have several 'minds'. Whilst one of these 'minds' is resting, the others are constantly alert. A DALEK can never be caught napping.

WHAT TO DO IF A DALEK ATTACKS YOU!

The poster reproduced here, was found on a ruined wall in the destroyed Martian City of Marventos. It was issued by the Martian Ministry of Defence, and might be useful during a Dalek invasion of Earth.

DALEK DEFENCE DRILL

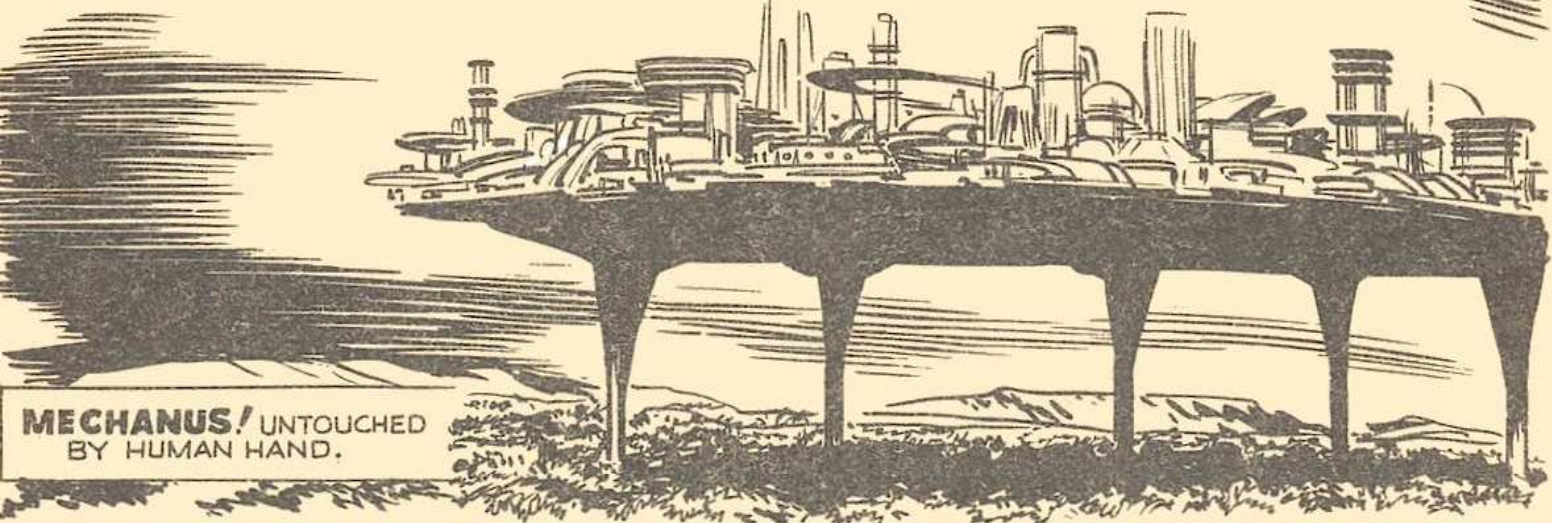
1. If you see a Dalek, do not hesitate to advise your local defence commander. If you see one, the chances are there are thousands more near at hand.
2. Do not under any circumstances try to destroy or make contact with the Daleks. They have orders to kill on sight.
3. Never try to escape from a Dalek by running in a straight line. Weave and zig-zag. This makes you a much more difficult target for his disintegrator.
4. Never surrender to a Dalek. However slim your chance of escape, take it. Once under the power of the Daleks you have only two choices. Death or robotization. Death is preferable.
5. During a Dalek attack it is advisable to wear bright red clothes, as the Daleks cannot see this colour. This however does not afford total protection, as the Daleks can 'sense' your position.
6. Try to retreat across rocky terrain. A Dalek finds it difficult to travel at speed across uneven surfaces.
7. At all times remain totally silent as the Daleks have a highly developed hearing system that enables them to detect the most minute sound at ranges up to a mile.
8. Never travel in groups of more than three. Tracking thousands of small groups is more difficult and time wasting for the Daleks than tracking large parties.
9. Keep away from the cities and space ports and defence installations, as these will be areas for major Dalek attacks.
10. Finally, beware of radio messages that claim the Daleks have been beaten. This is a device they may use to put you off your guard.

YOUR MAIN AIM MUST BE TO SURVIVE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

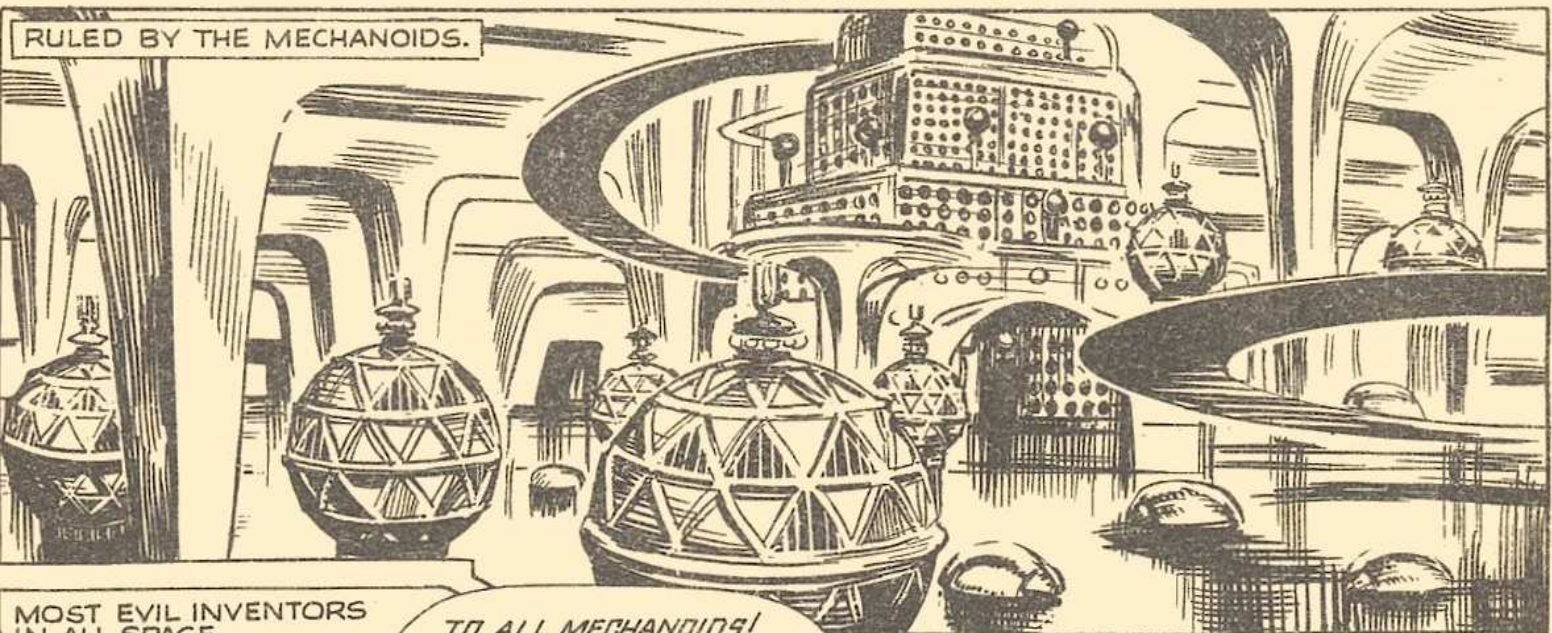
GOOD LUCK

Zavarim L.
Minister of Space Defence

THE WORLD THAT WAITS



MECHANUS! UNTOUCHED
BY HUMAN HAND.

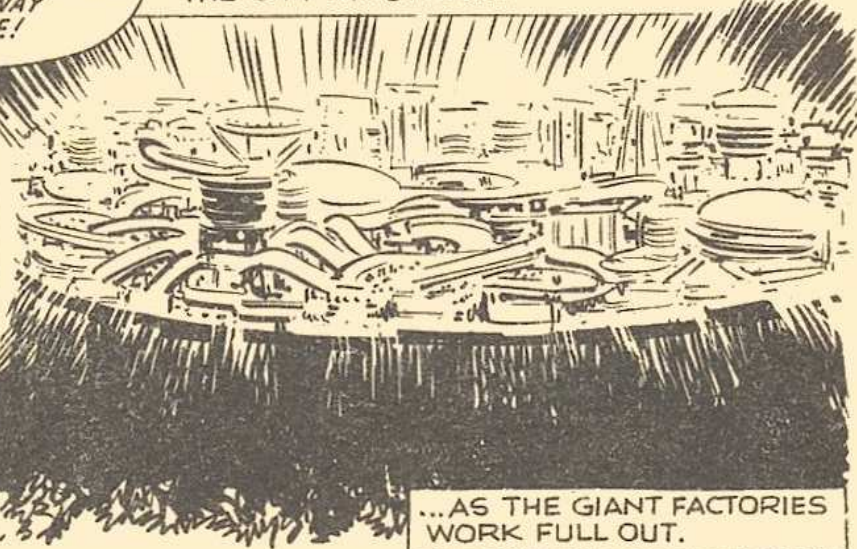


RULED BY THE MECHANOIDS.

**MOST EVIL INVENTORS
IN ALL SPACE...**

*TO ALL MECHANIDS!
NO SIGNAL FROM OUR
MECHANICAL PLANET! WE
WILL NOW BUILD A MECHANICAL
GUN TO BURN ITS WAY
THROUGH SPACE!*

**SO, POWERFUL LIGHTS BURN INSIDE
THE CITY ON STILTS...**



**...AS THE GIANT FACTORIES
WORK FULL OUT.**

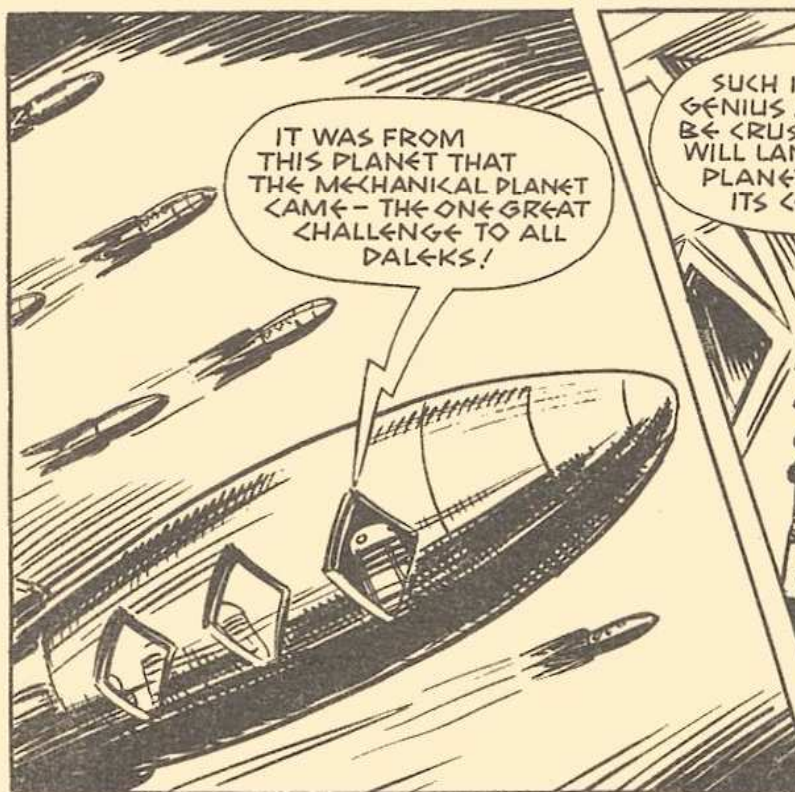
AND THE FUNGOIDS WHICH
INFEST THE JUNGLE...



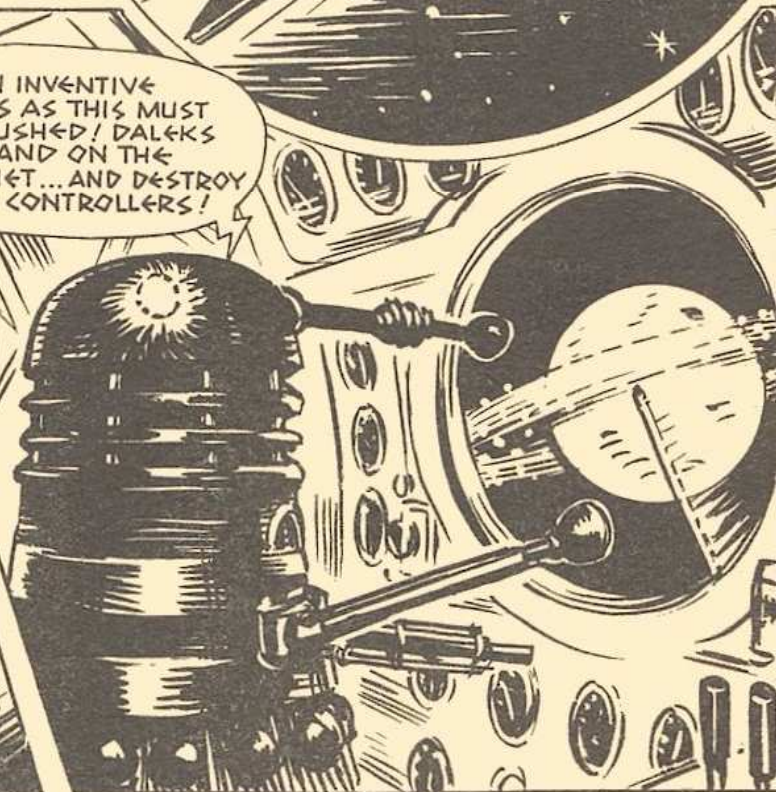
... SHRINK BACK INTO SHADOW,
LIGHT BEING THEIR ONLY FEAR.

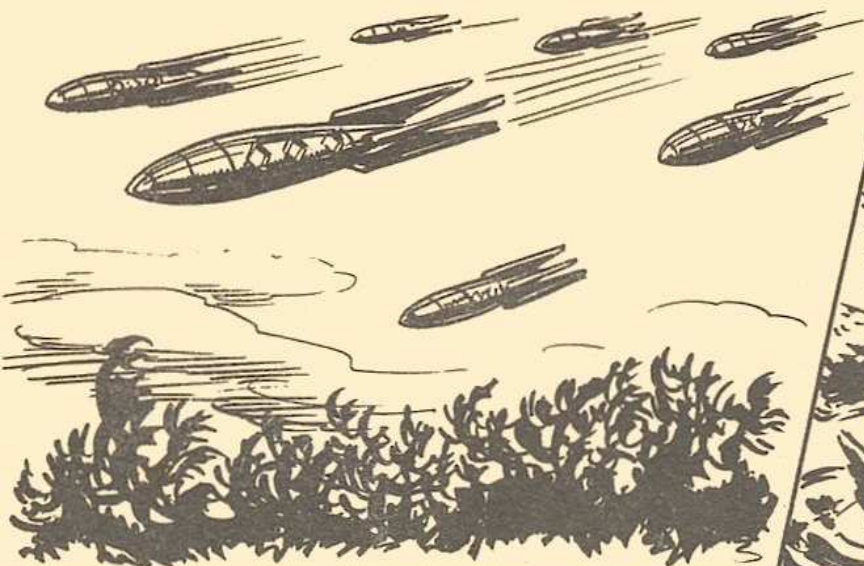


IT WAS FROM
THIS PLANET THAT
THE MECHANICAL PLANET
CAME - THE ONE GREAT
CHALLENGE TO ALL
DALEKS!



SUCH INVENTIVE
GENIUS AS THIS MUST
BE CRUSHED! DALEKS
WILL LAND ON THE
PLANET... AND DESTROY
ITS CONTROLLERS!





TWO MORE ARE LOST IN THE BOTTOMLESS SWAMPS.



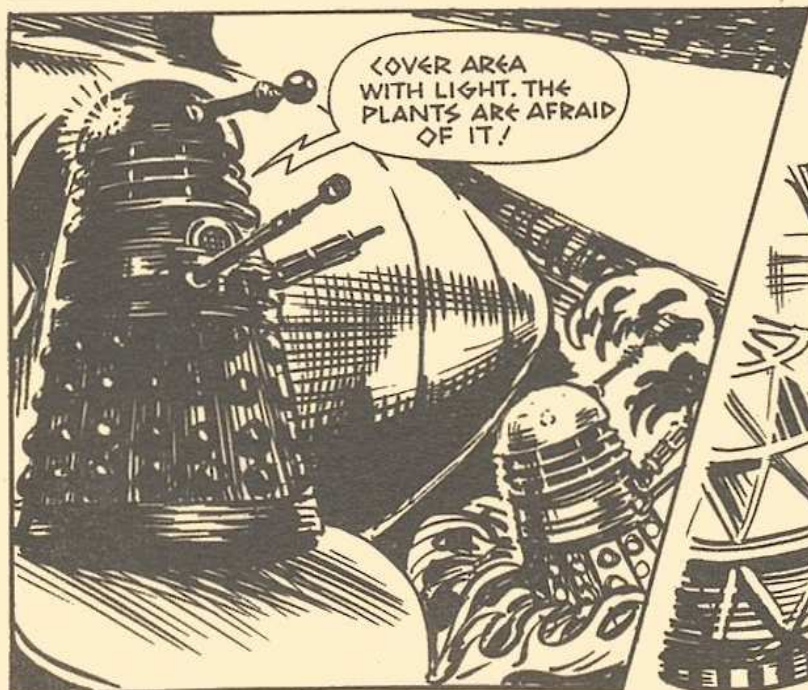
SOME SHIPS ARE BURNT IN THE ACID LAKES...



OTHERS LAND - AND MEET THE DEADLY FUNGIDS.

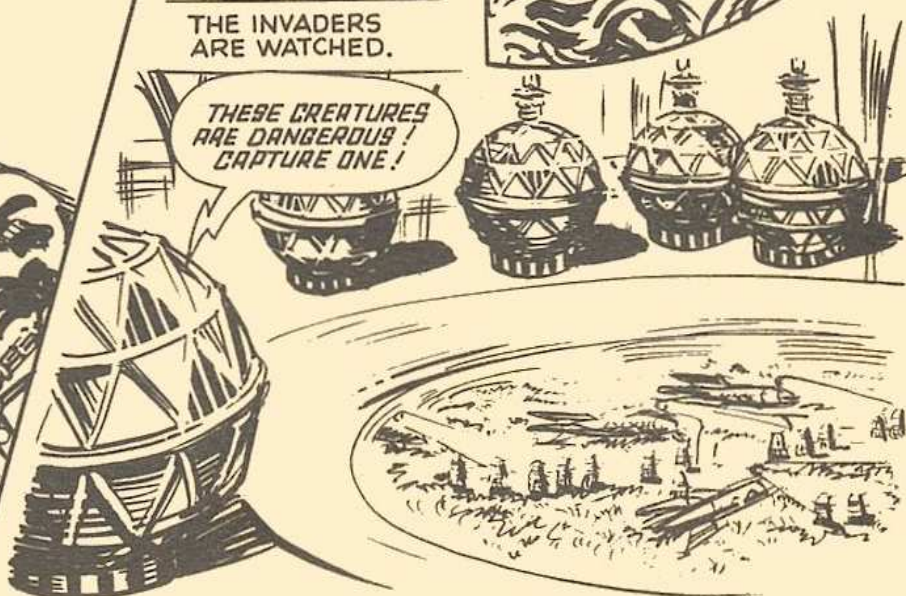


COVER AREA WITH LIGHT. THE PLANTS ARE AFRAID OF IT!



THE INVADERS ARE WATCHED.

THESE CREATURES ARE DANGEROUS! CAPTURE ONE!



A HUGE CLAW DESCENDS FROM THE CITY...

SELECTS A VICTIM...

...AND STRIKES.

SMASH DOWN THAT ENTRANCE!
HERE IS THE WAY
TO OUR ENEMIES!

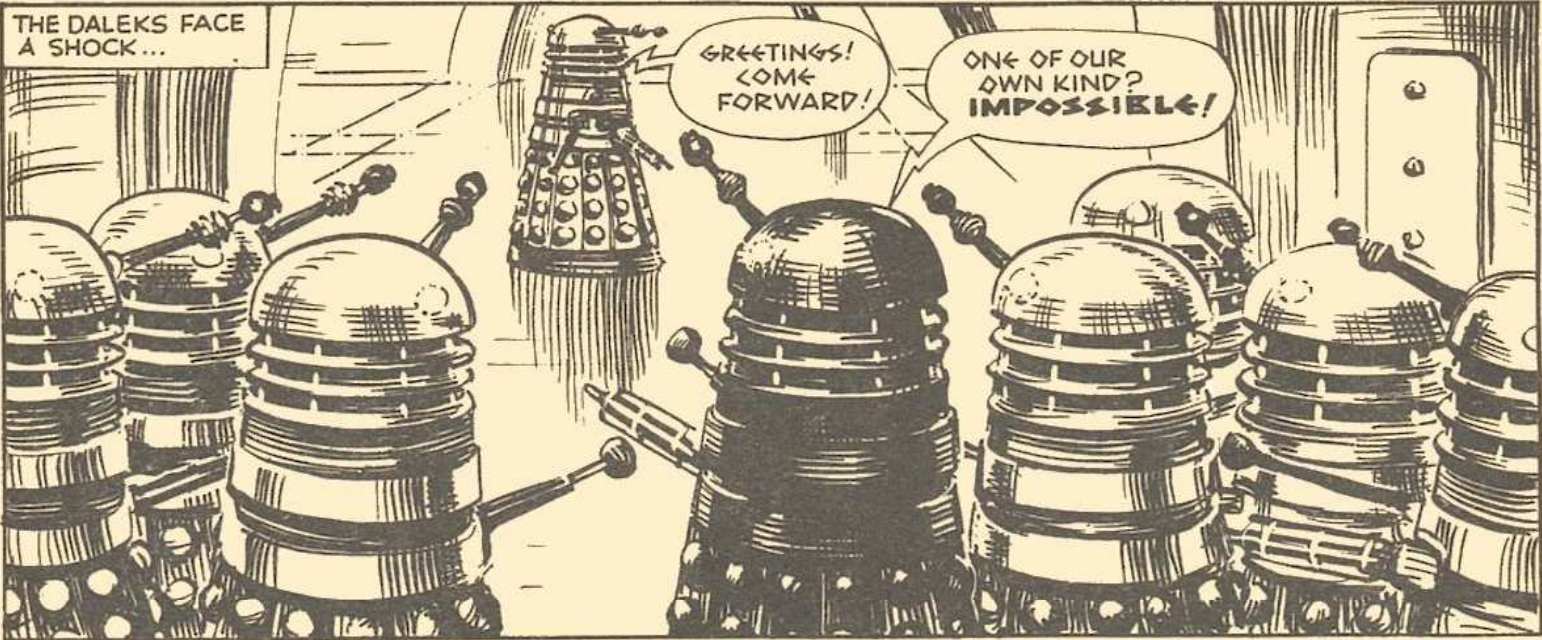
A GIANT LIFT TAKES THE DALEKS UPWARDS - INTO THE CITY...

THIS ALIEN
WORLD HAS A
HIGH ORDER OF
INTELLIGENCE.
WE MUST
BEWARE!

CAUTION IS JUSTIFIED.

ORDER OUR
NEW INVENTION
FORWARD!

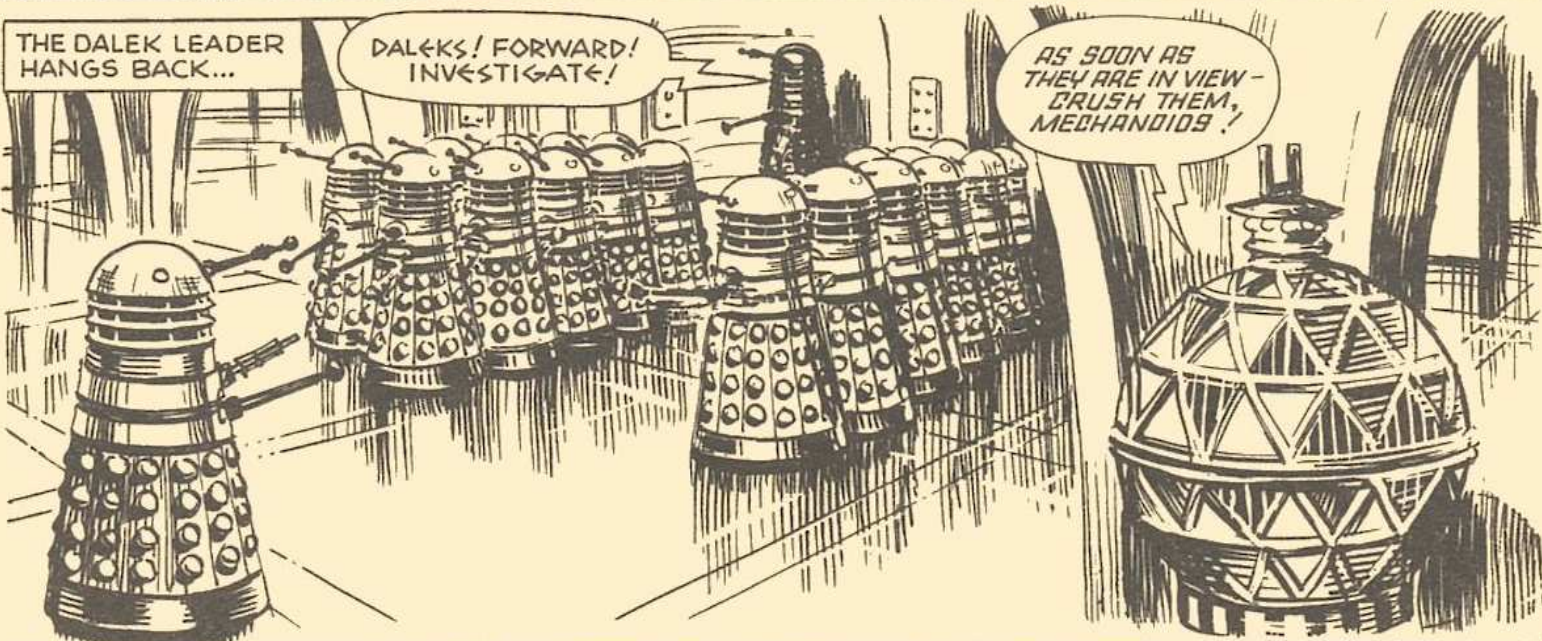
THE DALEKS FACE
A SHOCK...



GREETINGS!
COME
FORWARD!

ONE OF OUR
OWN KIND?
IMPOSSIBLE!

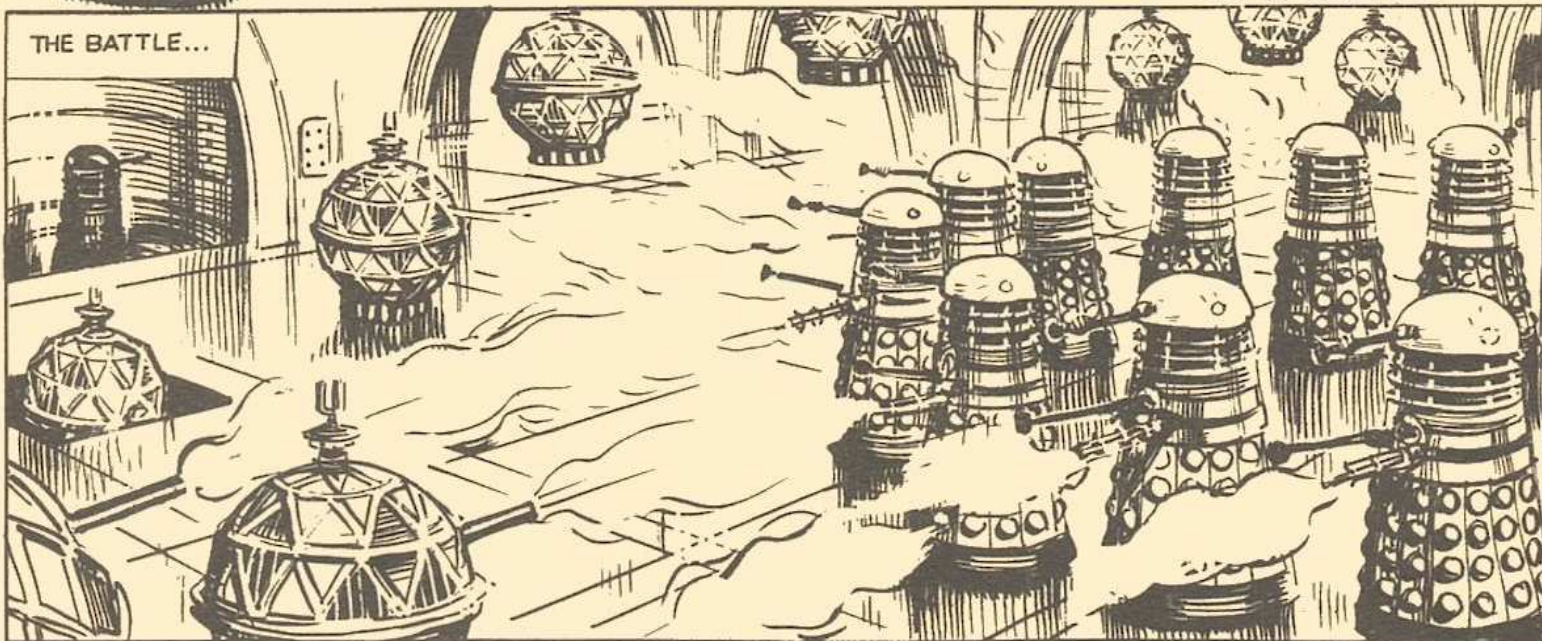
THE DALEK LEADER
HANGS BACK...

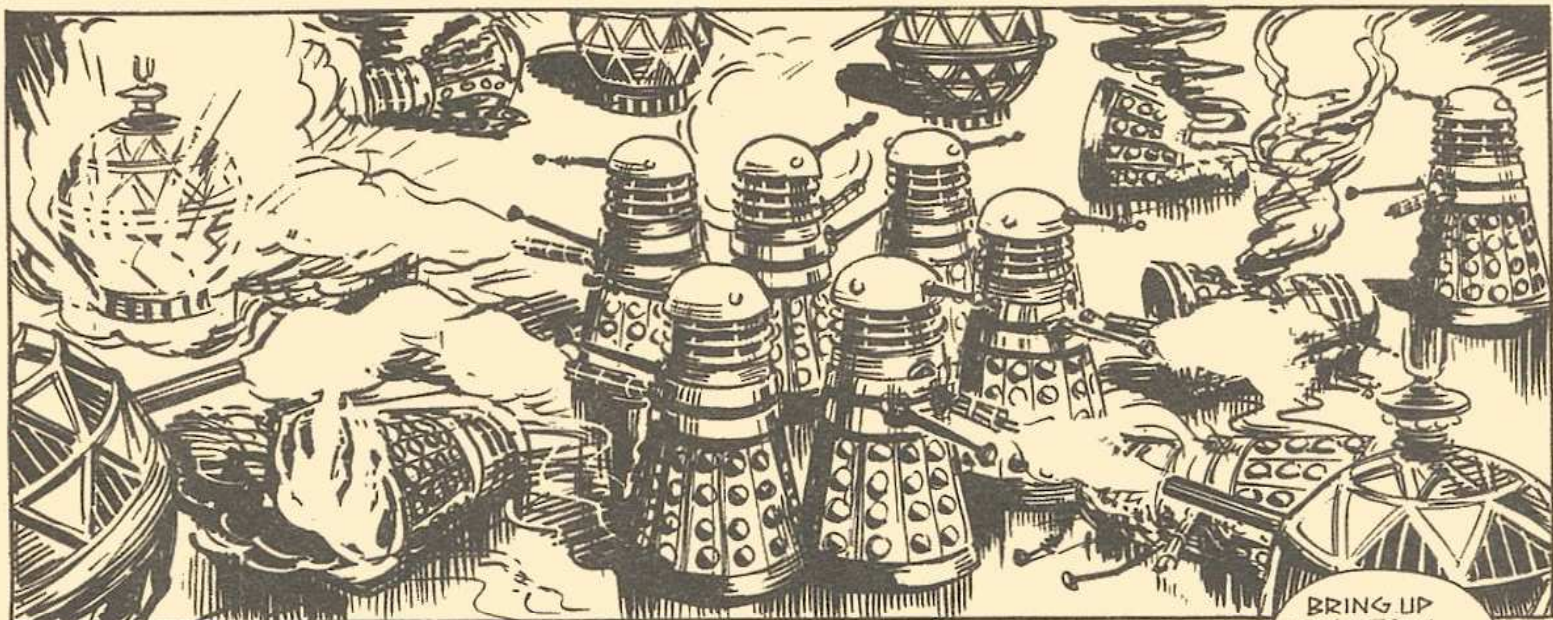


DALEKS! FORWARD!
INVESTIGATE!

AS SOON AS
THEY ARE IN VIEW -
CRUSH THEM,
MECHANDIDS!

THE BATTLE...





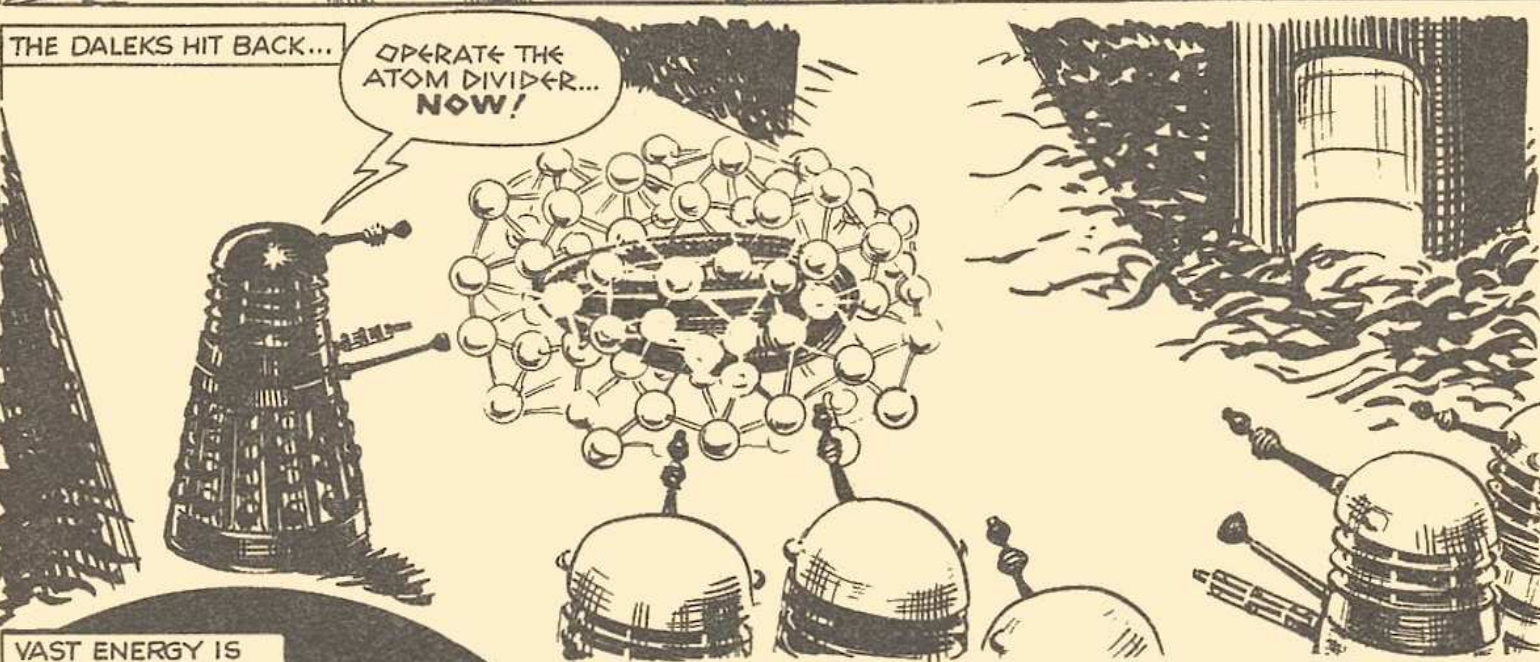
...AND WHILE THE MECHANOIDS REJOICE...

WE HAVE TRIUMPHED!
LET US POUR A RAIN OF
NEUTRON RAYS INTO THE
JUNGLE AND VANQUISH
THE DALEKS FOREVER!



THE DALEKS HIT BACK...

OPERATE THE
ATOM DIVIDER...
NOW!



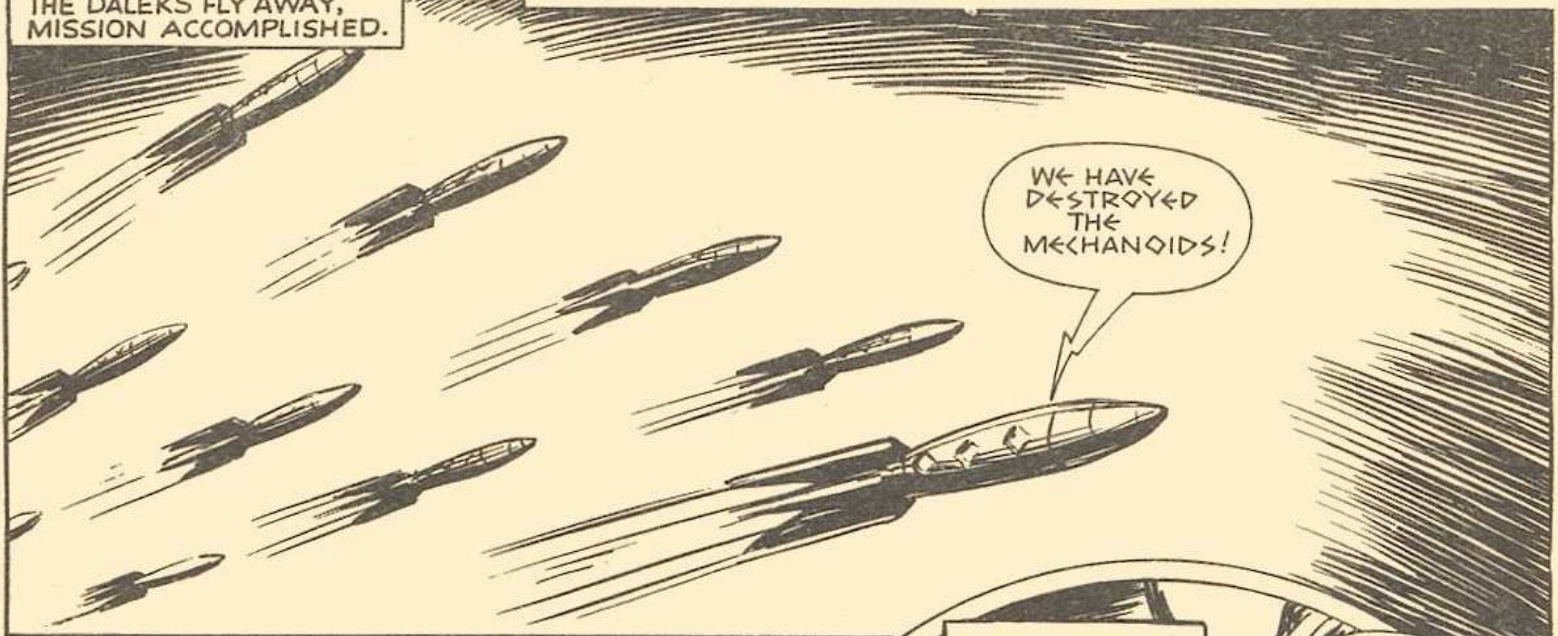
VAST ENERGY IS
SMASHED INTO THE
VITAL "LEG" OF THE
MECHANOID CITY.

THE DOOM OF A CITY...





THE DALEKS FLY AWAY,
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.



WE HAVE
DESTROYED
THE
MECHANIDS!



BUT...

...HAVE THEY...?

I WILL
REBUILD...
AND
AVENGE!

KNOW YOUR ENEMY

Q. *How old can a Dalek grow?*

A. There is no such thing as 'age' in a Dalek. It constantly renews tissue and vital organs as long as it is subjected to neutron radiation. Therefore, it cannot die from 'natural causes', and it is not unusual to find Daleks over a million years old.

Q. *What enemies do the Daleks have?*

A. The Daleks consider every living creature in the universe to be their enemy.

Q. *How do the Daleks multiply?*

A. The reproduction of the Daleks is a purely laboratory process. They discovered the secret of life many thousands of years ago, and as a result, they are able to enforce very accurate population control.

Q. *What sort of weather do they have on Skaro?*

A. Before the neutron war against the Thals, the climate was very temperate. Since then however, the planet has become a virtual desert. Once every ten years there is a great rain-storm (called the decarain) which lasts for seven months.

Q. *How do the Daleks eat, and what do they eat?*

A. They do not 'eat' in the sense we know it. High concentrate foods are 'cellulised' (made so small that they are invisible even under a powerful microscope). This cellulised food is disseminated into the atmosphere and is absorbed through the 'skin' of the Dalek.

Q. *Are the Thals still alive?*

A. Yes, but only very few of them. Latest reports state that there are less than fifty of them. They are living under conditions of extreme privation in a secret valley to the north of the Dalek underground city.

Q. *Do the Daleks have any allies?*

A. Yes. The Octovarns (the eight-armed people) of the planet Varnicon. The Hyptons of the planet Mesmerus, and the Meticons of the dwarf planet Calliopticon. However, these peoples are allies only under duress and would happily break their alliances with the Daleks if they did not fear reprisals.

Q. *Do the Daleks keep any pets?*

A. The 'Slyther' is the only creature they do keep, and pet is hardly the word for this nightmare beast.

Q. *What does a Dalek look like, the actual thing that lives inside the machine?*

A. Thing, is the right word. Very few people have ever seen one, but those who have say they were horrified and shocked by the ghastly creature. The closest description one can give is that it's a "shapeless, black, oily blob that pulsates and wheezes". However, no words can ever describe its terrifying ugliness. There is one photograph in existence but we dare not print it.

Q. *When will the Daleks attack earth?*

A. Only the Daleks know this. However there is evidence to suggest that Dalek reconnaissance patrols have been surveying earth for some time. The best advice we can give is 'always be on your guard, and keep your eyes on the skies.'

Q. *Do the Daleks have money?*

A. No. They have no need for it, as the state provides everything. There is however a treasure house of precious metals and stones that have been looted from other planets. This wealth is used in economic warfare, one of the more subtle forms of Dalek attack. The value of the treasure house has been estimated at several hundred million millions of pounds.

Q. *How long does it take to travel from Skaro to Earth?*

A. By the comparatively slow earth type rockets it would take almost two years. By super-speed Dalek space-craft, eleven days.

Q. *Do the Daleks have a government?*

A. Yes. It has twelve members who serve under the supreme Dalek. It is their duty to plan the Dalek campaigns. Only last year, after the disastrous campaign against the planet Staveros, the twelve members were publicly executed. A new supreme council was appointed. Only the supreme Dalek remains in office.

Q. *Do they have any entertainments?*

A. In a way, yes. Parades of strength, displays of new weapons, mock battles etc. Television programmes that deal with the glorious history of the Daleks, and micro books that tell fictional stories of the universe when the Daleks have conquered it.

Q. *Have the Daleks changed at all, or are they exactly the same as when they started?*

A. They are changing all the time. The war scientists are always finding ways of improving and making the Daleks more formidable.

Q. *How many planets that contain life, have the Daleks discovered?*

A. So far, eleven thousand and seventy three. The Daleks have created a special exploration division called 'Uniographers' to map and investigate every star and planet in the universe.

Q. *What do the Daleks think of our earth civilization?*

A. They consider it rather primitive. They are quite amused by, what they think, are feeble attempts by the Americans and Russians to launch man into space. They think of the Jupiter and Titan rockets as quite inferior fireworks.

Q. *Can a Dalek be ill?*

A. Sometimes a vital component breaks down, and the Dalek shows all the symptoms of being 'sick'. However, once the repair technicians replace the faulty part, the 'sickness' is cured.

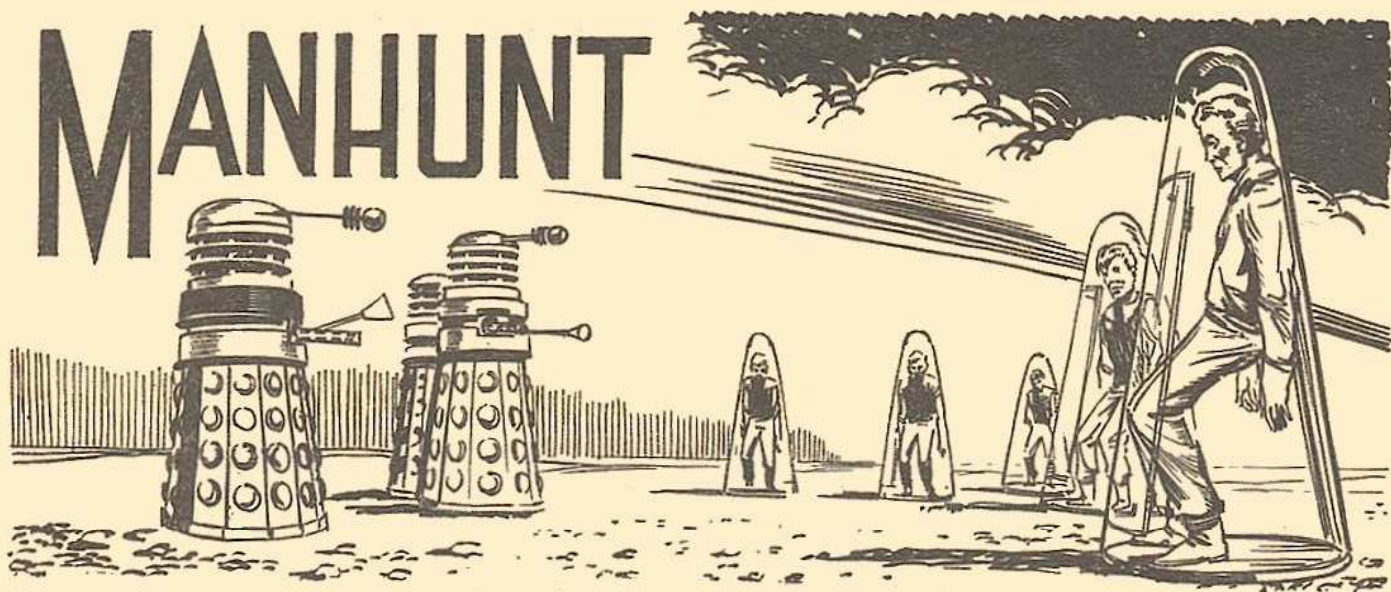
Q. *How long does it take the technicians to build a Dalek?*

A. Roughly three months. They are a very complicated mechanism. Three months is quite a short time when you consider what goes into making one. Over nine thousand different components, and eleven miles of wiring.

Q. *One final question, can we ever hope to beat the Daleks?*

A. If they were to attack tomorrow, No. However, if we are given time, we have a chance. The Daleks, like everything else, are fallible. We must find the chink in their armour, their one weakness, and having found it, use it to our advantage. This is why it's important to cease the petty squabbles that exist between countries on earth, and to work together for the prosperity and safety of all mankind.

MANHUNT



THE five cages stood out weirdly in the middle of the desert. Entirely made of unbreakable plasti-glass, they had no joins in them except around the glass and metal doorway. Each was designed to imprison one human being who discovered, once the door had been sealed electrically, that the cages were so designed that the occupant could never relax in comfort. They were not high enough to stand up straight in, nor wide enough to lie in, or sit or kneel in.

For two whole days and nights, the fierce suns of Skaro had roasted the prisoners and the chill nights had frozen their already aching muscles and sinews. For forty-eight hours, too, there had been no food and water. The Daleks had simply thrust the five Earth space captains into their torture chambers and apparently forgotten all about them.

Then, on the forty-ninth hour exactly (for Meric Scrivener had kept a careful eye on the time, more to retain his sanity than for any other purpose) the Daleks re-appeared and opened the

first of the cages, taking no notice of the exhausted prisoner who dragged himself through the glass and metal door and pitched full length on the sand. A Dalek, recognizable from his fellows by the thick black line painted across the top of his outer casing, moved slightly towards the men in the cages, while his three assistants unloaded a small box from the hover-platform they had brought with them.

"I am the Examiner Dalek. An Endurance trial has been ordered, and you are the subjects. The object is to learn the weaknesses of human beings."

"And if we refuse?" asked Meric, passing a dry tongue over his cracked lips.

"Then you die where you are. We do not think you will refuse this trial, however. Human beings seem to rely very much on optimistic possibilities of the future, which you describe with your word 'hope.'"

"What sort of hope are you giving us, exactly?"

"Of permanent life, none", replied the Examiner. "Of delaying death, a chance. Each



"Blue and yellow rays spat out from the Examiner's gun-stick."

one of you, in turn, will be given a little water. In the forest, at the edge of this desert, a further supply of food and water will be left and a weapon. Survival, for a time, at least, is in your own hands."

"And where are the Daleks going to be?" queried the man in the next cage to Meric, a rather heavily built veteran Space Captain named Reece.

"I believe, on Earth, you call it hunting," came the reply, and the men looked at each other. Kibber, the man lying outside his cage, was drinking greedily from a metal container of water. He lowered the flat bottle from his lips and poured the remaining drops of water over his head and face.

"When do I start?" he demanded. The Examiner Dalek swivelled slightly and ran his eye-stick up and down the waiting man's body "Now."

Kibber nodded and looked at his four friends with a slight smile.

"See you in the forest," he said casually. He turned and started to run across the sand to the line of distant trees. The Examiner Dalek turned itself, as if to watch the moving figure. Suddenly a stream of blue and yellow rays spat out from the Examiner's gun-stick, hitting Kibber in the small of the back. The running man staggered and threw up his arms in agony, as the rays seemed to form a cloud all over him. Then the twisted body crumpled on to the sand and lay still. The Examiner swivelled slowly and studied the four remaining prisoners, who were struck into silence by the horror of Kibber's ghastly death.

"That is a warning that hope can be short-lived," grated the Dalek. For a while the four captives fumed and shouted. Meric persuaded them to be quiet. The Daleks busied themselves unloading the small water containers from the hover-platform, placing one bottle in front of each of the cages. Then, with a slight swirl of sand, the machines sped away into the air, guiding the platform between them, and disappearing into the distance.

Twice more, Meric watched his friends being killed. The metal and glass doors, activated by some hidden impulse, sprang open, one after another. Each time, the man inside tumbled out, gulped his water and ran towards the forest. And twice Meric watched as a Dalek hurtled out of the sky and used its gun-stick with unerring effect.

Meric and Reece crouched in their cages, grimly silent. Fifty hours before, a proud patrol of five

Unispace atojets had been conducting a survey of the Colony Planets of Skaro — seven satellites which surrounded the Dalek planet guarding it against invasion. A sudden storm of meteorites had caused the patrol to take extreme evasive action and, in doing so, had flown straight into the purple rays of a Skaro Magnetrap. In minutes the five Unispace ships had been sucked to the surface of Skaro, where the five captains had been captured, disarmed, transported to the desert, and imprisoned in the plasti-glass cages. Now three of them lay dead, under the hot glare of the twin suns, while the other two awaited their fate, their minds twisting desperately for some means of escaping the desperate trap they were in.

Reece's door sprang open. He crawled out and sat on the sand for a few moments, rubbing tired, cramped muscles in his legs and arms.

"Got any ideas?" asked Meric. Reece grinned, picked up his water bottle and walked to Meric's cage.

"I wish I could get some of this water through to you," he remarked.

"You'll need it all yourself. My turn will come."

Reece drank about half of the water, replaced the top on the bottle and pushed it away in his back pocket.

"That'll do me for the moment. No point in a man of my size trying to run," he grinned. Reece had always been rather over-weight and had never disguised the fact that he enjoyed his food. He raised a hand to Meric, turned and started to stroll across the sand to the forest.

Meric scanned the skies for any signs of the enemy. He felt his nerves stretching themselves taut, a pulse hammering in his throat, but the sky was empty and Reece walked on, apparently without a care in the world. Meric saw him stop

momentarily by each of the three dead bodies, as if to make absolutely certain no life remained. Eventually, Meric saw Reece walk into the safety of the distant trees and he relaxed with an audible sigh of relief.

At that moment, his door clicked open. Meric stumbled out and drank the water left for him. Would the Daleks give him the same chance they'd allowed Reece? Or would they swoop out of the skies and powder him to ash or freeze his flesh with one of their death rays? Another thought came — how did the Daleks know when to attack? Surely they hadn't been able to conquer the heat waves of the desert that so far had resisted all attempts by long range scanners to give reliable pictures. The skies were empty, and behind the cages were hundreds of miles of sandy waste. It was from the desert side the Daleks had appeared in the air to shoot down and kill his other three friends.

Meric realised that, somehow or other, the enemy knew when each prisoner was crossing the desert. Could it be from the electrical impulse that opened the cage doors? Examination proved to him that there was a switch fixed underneath the doors. He reconsidered the actions of his former colleagues carefully. The door opened, a man scrambled out, drank the water and started running. Suddenly Meric had the answer . . . the one thing that was different! Reece hadn't drunk all his water! Meric started a minute inspection of the flat metal water-bottle and discovered that a whole section at the base of it pulled away. As soon as all the water was used up, and the heat dried the bottle, a mechanism automatically operated and obviously flashed a warning message to the waiting Daleks. Meric replaced the mechanism, drank a little more of the water to ease his parched throat and mouth, left sufficient



"The food, water and two atoguns lay in the tiny clearing."

in the bottle to delay the signal, then started running towards the forest.

He found Reece waiting for him in the shade of one of the trees fringing the desert and together they plunged into the undergrowth, while Meric explained the Daleks' ingenious water-bottle signal system.

They reached a tiny clearing, in the centre of which lay packets of hydroponic food, several canisters of water and two atoguns.

"They've certainly kept their word about the food and weapons," muttered Reece and started forward. Meric put out a warning hand. They stood at the edge of the clearing, staring at the tempting collection of arms and supplies.

"You think they've put radio beams on those too?" whispered Reece.

"The whole thing may be a booby trap. Why leave any guns at all, that's what baffles me? And why *two* guns, only. It's as if the Daleks knew that only you and I would get through."

"There's more than enough food and water for two," objected Reece. "Look, Meric, they're going to get us anyway, so why don't we walk in and have a good meal while we can."

Meric had to agree. Neither of them had eaten anything for two days. It was all very well to be cautious but he knew only too well what lowered resistance through hunger did to the mind. Meric knew he would need needle-sharp alertness to get out of Skaro alive.

The two men crossed the clearing and started to examine the things the Daleks had left for them. The water was good and the containers showed no evidence of any hidden mechanisms. The food was pure and its packaging safe.

After a hurried but satisfying meal, Meric and Reece each took an atogun and examined it.

Reece said: "Look, Meric, why don't I go on with this and you scout around. The Daleks are bound to come searching for us and somehow or other, we've got to get back to our spaceships."

Meric nodded, handed over the gun to his companion and walked into the forest undergrowth. About a hundred yards away from the clearing, he nearly stumbled over one of the Dalek hover-platforms and he cried out to Reece in excitement.

Reece joined him, breathlessly, both guns stuck in his waist-belt, reminding Meric of one of the cowboys in stories he had read

of Early America in the late Eighteen Hundreds. Together they clambered on to the platform, Reece operated the lifter drive, and the craft rose from the forest and started speeding through the air. After travelling about ten minutes, enormous explosions began to emit shock waves behind them, from the forest they had just left. Reece grinned at Meric.

"I emptied both those water bottles," he chuckled. "I imagine the Daleks must have dived on that forest and blasted it to smithereens."

"Good idea," said Meric. "They'll think we're dead and gone by now." Suddenly he shot out a hand and pointed, while his other clutched the edge of the little platform. Reece shaded his eyes, then whooped with delight. A Dalek Magnetrap which had trapped their ships in the first place, lay before them and beside it, were the five spaceships.

"I can't see any Daleks," said Meric, "and it bothers me."

"I don't know what you want," cried Reece. "Here we are, ten minutes away from freedom, and you're looking for difficulties."

Meric stared beneath the hover-platform. The sandy desert was giving way now to rocks and sparse, dry-looking scrub plants. The whole area seemed ominously quiet and abandoned — almost as if the Daleks had left it deliberately. He shrugged.

"Let's have a look," he said eventually. Reece de-activated the platform control and the craft descended to land gently on the ground behind some boulders.

As they stepped off, Meric stumbled, clutched at his companion. They both fell heavily, and their atoguns clattered noisily on the rocks. Meric apologised, gathered the guns, and handed one to Reece.



"They edged their way through the boulders."

"If there are any Daleks about, they'll have heard that," he whispered, as they ran to hide behind a boulder on the other side of which were the five spaceships. No sound broke the silence. They looked at each other.

"I tell you it's going to be all right," said Reece. "Come on, let's get into one of the ships and get going."

The two men edged their way through the boulders and moved to Meric's ship, "The Guardian", which was nearest. Looking at the skies for danger, Meric started up the ramp.

"That's about as far as you go," said Reece.

Meric turned at the top of the ramp and looked down at Reece, who had the atogun in his right hand, pointing directly at him.

"You nearly found out in the forest, didn't you," said Reece, quietly. "You wondered why there were only two atoguns. I'm glad you didn't. Our idea was to let you get as far as possible, until hope was really strong inside you. One step into

the ship, Meric, one push of a control button and you'd be away. How does it feel to be so near and yet impossibly far?"

Meric stared back at the figure of Reece, his grey eyes taking on the texture, suddenly, of highly polished steel.

"When did the Daleks make the change-over, from the real Reece to you — a humanoid copy of him?"

"In the transportation to the cages in the desert," replied the other, "although I'm not really a humanoid, you know. Just underneath the collar of my shirt is a small flat brain disc. Infinitely better than the one Reece had. After all, it fooled you, didn't it?"

"Not for a second," said Meric calmly. "Oh, you might just have been lucky with the water in the desert. Not drinking it all. But the real Reece wouldn't have *walked*. I knew Reece well. And the real Reece wouldn't have known how to operate a hover-platform. There are only two human beings in the whole of space who do know. A girl called Brit, and myself."

"It doesn't matter," shouted Reece. "Walk off that ramp. You're going to serve *us* now, and record the story of why the Daleks must triumph over humanity. We'll duplicate those recordings in millions and see that every single human being in space has one."

Meric looked at Reece pityingly. "You really shouldn't have let me trip us both when we

stepped off the hover platform. I knew that one of the two guns would be useless, and that you'd keep the working one for yourself. So I deliberately fell against you and switched them."

Reece pressed the firing button. Nothing happened. Throwing the atogun aside he started up the ramp. Meric pulled the gun from his belt and fired. For a second a shimmer of heat wrinkled the outline of Reece, then all the colours of the rainbow encircled the man as he arched backwards and slumped to the bottom of the ramp. Meric stared at the body, remembering the man he had fought beside for so many months, and thinking of the other friends lying dead in the desert miles away. He also thought of the Daleks, those pitiless alien creations, whose only ability seemed to be to destroy, hurt, damage, and kill. Like all men who face moments of truth, he knew he could never have one restful moment until the Daleks were not only driven from the skies, but exterminated as one would a plague of scavenging locusts.

Meric turned the atogun and fired again at the base of the Magnetrap, increasing the pressure of the firing button until the ray was totally concentrated. There was a small explosion and a burst of smoke, as he short-circuited the static electro-magnetic power.

Then he turned and stepped into his spaceship, determined to avenge the death of his friends, certain victory would come in the end.

Masters of the World



AS UNISPACE AGENT MERIC HURTLES THROUGH INTERSTELLAR SPACE, HIS ROCKET MOTORS DEVELOP FAULTS ... AND HIS ULTRA-GRAV. RADIO IS JAMMED BY STATIC...

I'M IN TROUBLE — NO RADIO — ROCKETS FAILING — BETTER LAND ON THAT PLANET FOR REPAIRS!



DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME?

MERIC LANDS ON A CLIFF OVERLOOKING A QUIET SEA...



WHAT IS THIS PLANET? AN UNDERSEA CITY! I'LL TAKE A LOOK!



IT'S NOT MARKED ON MY SPACE CHARTS — HERE GOES!





UNCHARTED
PLANETS -
UNDERSEA
CITIES!



MUST BE
ENEMIES - BUT
WHO? OR WHAT?



MERIC ENTERS A
ROCKET CHAMBER.

ROCKETSHIPS
TO BE FIRED
THROUGH THAT
PLASTIDOME
ROOF! WHAT'S
THIS ALL ABOUT?



HE CLIMBS UP INTO THE
NEAREST ROCKET SHIP...
AND GETS A SHOCK.

GOOD GRIEF!
WAX DUMMIES
OF THE FIVE
PRESIDENTS
OF EARTH!



NO, NOT WAX, THERE'S
A PULSE BEAT! THEY'RE
HUMANIDS.
COPIES IN A
TRANCE!



IF THERE ARE
PASSENGERS, THERE
MUST BE A PILOT!



IN THE PILOT'S CABIN...

HOLY SMOKE!
IT'S **ME!** A
HUMANOID
COPY!



MERIC READS THE FLIGHT ORDERS...

... HUMANOIDS WILL TAKE THE PLACES OF KEY LEADERS OF EARTH... DISARM... PREPARE FOR ARRIVAL OF THE MASTERS OF EARTH...



DALEKS!



THE DALEKS ENTER THE ROCKET SHIP...



... WITH A PRISONER. WAKE UP THE EARTH WOMAN NOW AND PROCEED WITH FINAL TEST!

EARTH WOMAN-YOUR MIND IS NOW YOUR OWN!

YOU HYPNOTISED ME WITH SONIC WAVES...



WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

WHO KNEW THE LEADERS OF EARTH BETTER THAN YOU? WE MADE HUMANOID COPIES FROM YOUR DESCRIPTIONS!



THE DALEKS ENTER THE PILOT'S CABIN.

HUMANOID - WAKE! TAKE THIS - AND KILL THE EARTH WOMAN!



BUT, THE TABLES ARE TURNED...



BUT THE DANGER IS NOT ENDED.



HOLD COURSE
STEADY - ALL
GUNS - GO-GO-
GO!



GOOD
SHOOTING,
BRIT!



NOW FOR A NICE
QUIET RIDE BACK
TO...



NOT YET! LOOK,
THE HUMANOIDS
HAVE COME OUT OF
THEIR TRANCE!

I AM THE PRESIDENT
OF AFRICA...

AND I
AM THE PRESIDENT
OF THE AMERICAS...



HUMANOIDS -
GO TO SLEEP
UNTIL ORDERED
TO WAKE!

IT WORKED, MERIC!
THE SCIENTISTS ON
EARTH CAN STUDY
THEM!



GOOD -
WE DON'T
KNOW ENOUGH
ABOUT
HUMANOIDS!

AND, APPROACHING EARTH...

WE CAN HAVE
A HOLIDAY NOW -
WE DESERVE
IT!

WE DO - BUT
I DOUBT IF THE
DALEKS WILL
LET US!





THE DALEK WORLD



BY ARRANGEMENT WITH

BBC tv